Interview with BLUE THUNDER and ALIEN's Dan O'Bannon

HEAVY METAL®

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	Story by GEORGE CLAYTON JOHNSON	Based on a story by JEROME BIXBY	Based on a story by RICHARD MATHESON
Written by JOHN LANDIS	Screenplay by GEORGE CLAYTON JOHNSON and RICHARD MATHESON and JOSH ROGAN	Screenplay by RICHARD MATHESON	Screenplay by RICHARD MATHESON
Directed by JOHN LANDIS	Directed by STEVEN SPIELBERG	Directed by JOE DANTE	Directed by GEORGE MILLER

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DOSSIER

Dennis Hopper, the American friend.
Photo by Robin Holland

HEAD OF HOPPER

Made in 1980, ***Out of the Blue*** is a 90-minute feature chock full of sex, violence, drug abuse, death, and emotional outbursts—at least enough to keep one's attention, if the surprising plot twists and stylish examination of about a dozen cultural conflicts fall short. It is the third film to be directed by **Dennis Hopper**, who, although only signed on for a supporting role, stepped in to save the film when its original writer-director walked off the project. Hopper threw out much of the plot—essentially a TV-movie tearjerker about a troubled teenage runaway, saved by a shrink (Raymond Burr) who was to be the story's hero—and replaced it with a riveting portrayal of a young, Elvis-and-punk-obsessed girl (Linda Manz) with the world's most fucked-up parents, played by Hopper and Sharon Farrell.

Hopper's career seems to break down into three public phases, and *Out of the Blue*—as well as supporting roles in the upcoming Coppola adaptation of S.E. Hinton's *Rumblefish* and Sam Peckinpah's adaptation of Robert Ludlum's *The Osterman Weekend*—is seen hopefully as the start of a fourth. His first break came in the 1950s, when he co-starred with James Dean in *Rebel Without a Cause* and *Giant*. He left Hollywood to study acting in New York and to settle in New Mexico, where he still lives. Phase Two: In 1967 Hopper began co-writing and co-starring in his first directorial effort, ***Easy Rider***. When the film was released in 1969, it hit an as-yet-untapped counterculture film audience like a revelation. It became an enormous critical and financial success, and made Hopper and his co-stars, Peter Fonda and Jack Nicholson, household names. He was then asked by Universal Studios to make a "new kind of movie." Not understanding that he was being hired to repeat his *Easy Rider* formula, Hopper came back in 1971 with an avant garde film shot in Peru, entitled (with what would turn out to be great irony) ***The Last Movie***. It won first prize at that year's Venice Film Festival and was a hit in Europe; but in Hollywood, Hopper's name was a cryptogram for mud. Phase Three: In 1977 he gave the performance of his career in *The American Friend*, a film by German director Wim Wenders (interviewed here last issue). But it took another two years, and his crazed *Apocalypse Now* combat photographer, for most Americans to get the idea that he was still among the living.

At forty-seven, Dennis Hopper is someone who, like a lot of near-casualties of the sixties, is constantly on the lookout for trap doors while exuding all the while a tenderness in his dealings, an acceptance and earnestness about his past. His way of speaking is pure stream of consciousness, loaded with anecdotes pieced-together with trick voices, facial expressions, and a fervor impossible to reproduce on paper. Go see his movie.

—Robert Morales

HM: I know you've been working, but how do you feel when people react to you like you've been on a desert island for ten years?
DH: (Laughs) Well, I wish I *had* been. I just know I've been working very hard just to survive and trying to keep in the motion picture business. I miss not working in the United States; I'd really like to direct a film again, but now I'm just basically concentrating on getting some good acting roles, trying to establish the fact that I'm not a difficult person to work with. I feel that probably the best roles I've had were in *The American Friend*, and in *Apocalypse Now*—not a major role, but a very interesting one.
HM: Are you happy with the roles you've just completed?
DH: The father in *Rumblefish* is not a large part; I only have four scenes in the picture. And I had a very good supporting role in *Osterman Weekend* . . . but I want to get one of those parts that DeNiro or Hoffman or Jack (Nicholson) get—I know I'm not bankable; they are—to get a really excellent part in an excellent picture would be wonderful.
HM: You're identified with a certain facet of the sixties counterculture—a friend of mine suggested I ask you whether you considered yourself an actor or an historical figure. (Hopper laughs.) You were known for playing these fearsome, up-against-the-oldsters types . . . and in *Out of the Blue* you're an aging biker-type with a daughter who's part of a new generation, portrayed as almost scarier than what you epitomized.
DH: You mean, like, the people who were rebelling in the sixties had still some sort of hero quality, or they were rebelling against something—perhaps victimized by it—and, in a way, had sympathy whereas the *Out of the Blue* type (Linda Manz's character) . . .
HM: . . . rebels against people who used to have sympathy on their side fifteen years earlier.
DH: Right.
HM: What do you think

Dennis Hopper, on the wrong side of the glass from his wife (Sharon Farrell) and daughter (Linda Manz), in *Out of the Blue*.

about a lot of the stuff you might have been held accountable for in the sixties and how it's progressed?

DH: It goes through my mind something like this: I think about the civil rights movement when I was in the Selma and Montgomery marches, when people couldn't drink out of the same water fountains or go to the same toilets. Now, I mention that to someone in their twenties, and they sort of look at me like "What're you talking about?"—so I don't talk about it.

I think of the Hollywood system, of the sixty-to-eighty-year-olds controling the industry like schoolmarms—"Say your lines this way, pick up the thing this way."—which was totally against method acting, where you were not supposed to have preconceived ideas and you were supposed to deal with moment-to-moment reality . . . And all those things have changed, so talking about that seems (laughs) ridiculous.

I think that the younger generation have the same desires that we all had—whatever they were. When I hit thirty—I thought I'd never live to see thirty. As a matter of fact, I remember when we were all in Berkeley—I think I was twenty-seven (circa 1963-64, then)—I said, "I got a great slogan, why don't we say 'You can't trust anyone over thirty'?" And three years later I was thirty, and women were coming up to me and saying "How old are you?"—because that had caught on.

I think that every generation rebels against whatever generation their parents belong to—and I think that's healthy. If all of the children of the Love Generation came out acid heads and flower children, I think that probably would have been the end of the country, but they seemed to have rebelled against that by being too conservative, and the punk movement is a reaction against conservatism. We start off with bohemianism and that became beat or the Lost Generation, and that became the hippies, and that became punk or the new wave. The rebellion—whether it's punk, whatever it is—towards the older generation, if you can survive and get through that, the wants and the needs are the same. And it's an attention-getter, and it identifies you with your group and your peers.

I think whatever we wanted may have changed because you only have so long to get there. I came out of abstract expressionism and jazz, which was really radical; and the civil rights movement, which was really radical; and the free speech movement, which was really radical. Besides my trying to be an actor, trying to be responsible to that and turn shit into gold because most of my parts, unfortunately, *were* shit and made under very difficult circumstances.

HM: Along with the generation gap thing, the other major element in *Out of the Blue* is that you have a strong, independent female lead. One of the main feminist complaints in the sixties was that many of their fellow radicals held to the notion that power was still a man's game; and that most of the communes set up then were very patriarchal in structure—and they'd point to *Easy Rider* as an example of guys doing whatever they wanted while the woman stayed home washing Captain America T-shirts.

DH: (Laughs, ruminates a moment) It really would depend on the commune; there were many different kinds of communes—a lot of them were heavily run by women, a lot of them were dominated by males. That kind of life is a questionable lifestyle for many people; at the time it was a way to get away and survive because everyone was not sure how much longer things were gonna go. There was more of a feeling of having to survive, having to get to the mountains, that there might really be a revolution, there might really be a necessity to protect yourself, protect your family; to be with your friends; to be together. Nineteen sixty-seven we made *Easy Rider* and the whole country was burning down, there were riots in every city, and there was a war in Vietnam.

The woman's role . . . (slyly) I'm just glad that women have gone back to wearing garter belts and stockings. I think a woman's role is whatever she wants it to be. She has to make that choice; I can't make it for her. I found working with Linda (Manz) and investigating that part was something that was really exciting to me; that really stimulated me, to work with women, because I had never really done that before and I would like to do a lot more of that. It's much more interesting working in those areas, trying to understand another sex, than to make the buddy movie—not that Peter's dull (laughter)—which I'm not saying isn't valid or I won't do it again, but it's something that I *have* done and being thrown into this picture and suddenly there's Linda and Sharon; that was really a far out and interesting experience.

HM: I would figure it's less interesting to work out what you already know.

DH: Yeah, right, and there's a great part of me that has always been very cruel, I guess, to women, because I don't understand them; and yet there's a lot of me that's very female. My curiosity has always been towards the mystery of the female.

HM: So how're you doing in general, having fun?

DH: Work is fun. In general? Nah, I haven't been having a great deal of fun. It's more work to get work, than to work: and waiting to see if you get work, it really becomes a drag. And to be selling this picture—after I made it three years ago, and I haven't made another one, and I *want* to make another one . . . and what *is* my next job gonna be, and when *am* I gonna act again . . . and there's no steady income. I mean, just simple things like that, but it's a gypsy camp, man. I've had a very full life; it's very confusing to think about. I'm just really lucky to've survived—that's amazing to me.

"If all of the children of the Love Generation came out acid heads and flower children, I think that probably would have been the end of the country . . ."

The essential portions of the Wendy O'Williams anatomy, from f-Stop Fitzgerald's *Weird Angle*.

THE GREAT GAGSBY

Hey kids, you potential consumers; know what the latest thing is? It's called "new wave," and the record companies, fashion industry, and suburban nightclubs are clearing a bundle on the mass popularity of what was once the aesthetics of non-aesthetics.

But back in the halcyon anesthetized late-seventies, before anybody ever heard of Duran Duran or MTV, "punk"—the paranorm, the progenitor of new wave—actually meant something: Nothing. The resultant raw and regressive music, played by non-professionals and non-musicians, was the only way artists (i.e. thinkers) could defend themselves against the widespread nihilism the sixties left in its idealistic wake.

Weird Angle, the aptly self-named photographer **f-Stop Fitzgerald**'s photo documentation of San Francisco's punk scene, gives (welcome) old meaning to the words "new wave." Fitzgerald, who visually depicts an ephemeral and hedonistic world that sort of parallels that of his pseudo-namesake (writer F. Scott Fitzgerald), adapts his photographic style to its content (hence the book's title). This ain't no slick, glossy fashion magazine stuff—these pictures are *bad* (in the best sense of the word). All the photographs are black and white and were taken with a low-speed flash. They've got edges. There is a conscious lack of refinement in them; many of the frames are deliberately tilted forty-five degrees (remember that title) to accentuate the subject's tilt—S.F. bands the Mutants, Next Generation, Flipper, Snakefinger, Translator, and now-well-known singer Deborah Iyall of Romeo Void. *Weird Angle*'s cover photo of the Plasmatics' Wendy O'Williams crops off her head so that she's all leopard skin torso and tits—a pretty unsubtle ode to punk's idea of the grandiose id. But so's Wendy O. No one ever said punk was subtle.

Some might consider that the dawning of the Age of Newwavius in New York and London has been photographically overexposed. *Weird Angle* is worth owning, not for how infamous its bands have become (most of whom probably now work in banks), but because it fairly spits the regenerative power that was punk's original intent. Fitzgerald's eye is both tainted *and* sincere, like his subject matter, and like San Francisco itself (as the spawning ground of countercultures past—hipsterism and hippiedom—the town stands as *the* American incubator of the bent). *Weird Angle*'s inclusive essays by local culture crits on seventies' S.F. punk, the art /performance/music crossover, local new wave women, and the commercial bands that are its scene's outgrowth make good reading and give the photos intelligent and artful context. Yes, this book pays homage to a music that was once a seat of subversiveness, but is now, alas, no more than a cushy leopard skin sofa.

—Merle Ginsberg

(Post Contemporary Productions, 2319 40th Ave., San Francisco, CA 94116)

HORROR HEAVIES

The jacket copy for **Peter Straub**'s new best-selling novel, ***Floating Dragon*** (Putnam), makes a claim that warrants this year's Chutzpah in Publishing award—that the book "creates a new fictional genre all by itself." This is, of course, bullshit; Straub's sixth novel is an ambitious mess, but it does provoke interest as to where the modern horror novel may be headed—as do five other recent books, including the new Steven King.

Floating Dragon is a conscious attempt by Straub to stretch his talents as a writer. He may feel he has exhausted his ability to explore small-scale supernatural tragedies and a handful of principal characters in both *Ghost Story* and *Shadowland*; and it appears he is reacting to the criticism that his views toward women are fucked, since they're usually portrayed as perfidious in his work. The result is a plot turning on the wholely systematic and predictable destruction of Hampstead, Connecticut, by *two* never-really-linked forces (only one unearthly), and centering on a quartet of everyday ESPers out to save their town (one of them a woman so sweet she *is* unearthly), a bunch I never felt was in danger. I was right.

Ironically, **Steven King**'s ***Christine*** (Viking) is also an exercise in safe driving. Christine is a 1958 Plymouth that takes over the life of an awkward, acned, high-school whiz kid, wiping out anyone getting in the way of her dominance (literally: like her previous owner, the kid winds up wearing a backbrace, and you get the feeling he has to hump her after removing the gas cap). Anyone, that is, but the kid's best friend and his former girlfriend—the only major sympathetic characters.

King and Straub are collaborating on a novel. Let's hope they risk the displeasure of their audience.

Terror and the willies are not so hunky-dory in four new paperbacks: **Scott Baker's *Dhampire*** (Timescape) is a fascinating account of modern-day vampires waging a battle against the manifestations of other faiths to win the total belief of the world populace, and hence survival. It's loaded with terrific ideas and unpleasantnesses—but told in a spacey, yet journalistic style that never lets loose . . . The author of several brilliant short stories, **Lisa Tuttle** goes overboard with her

Stephen King butt-bussing the protagonist of his latest novel.

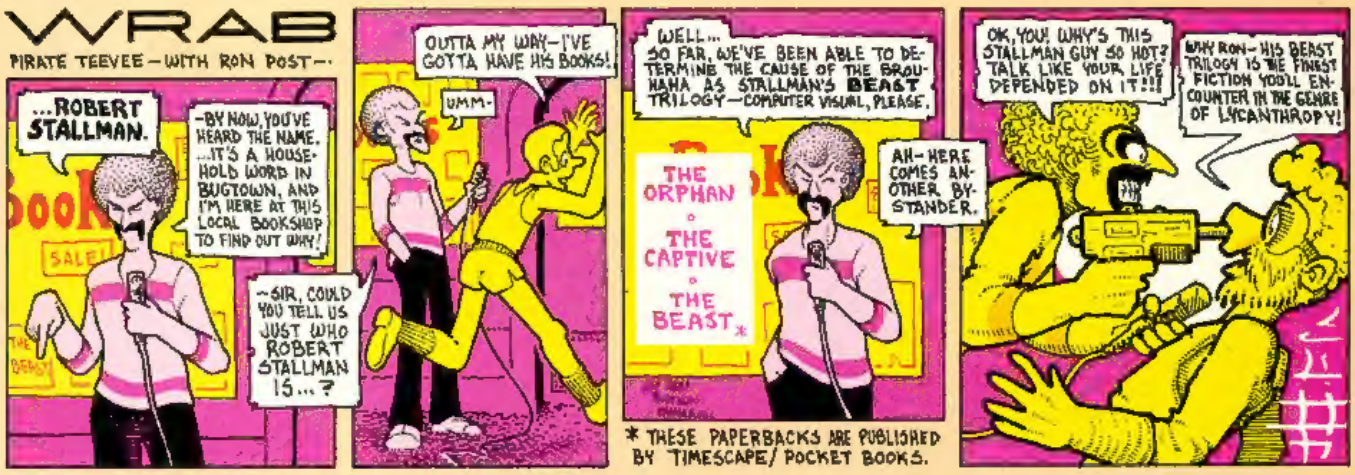
Photo by Andrew Unangst

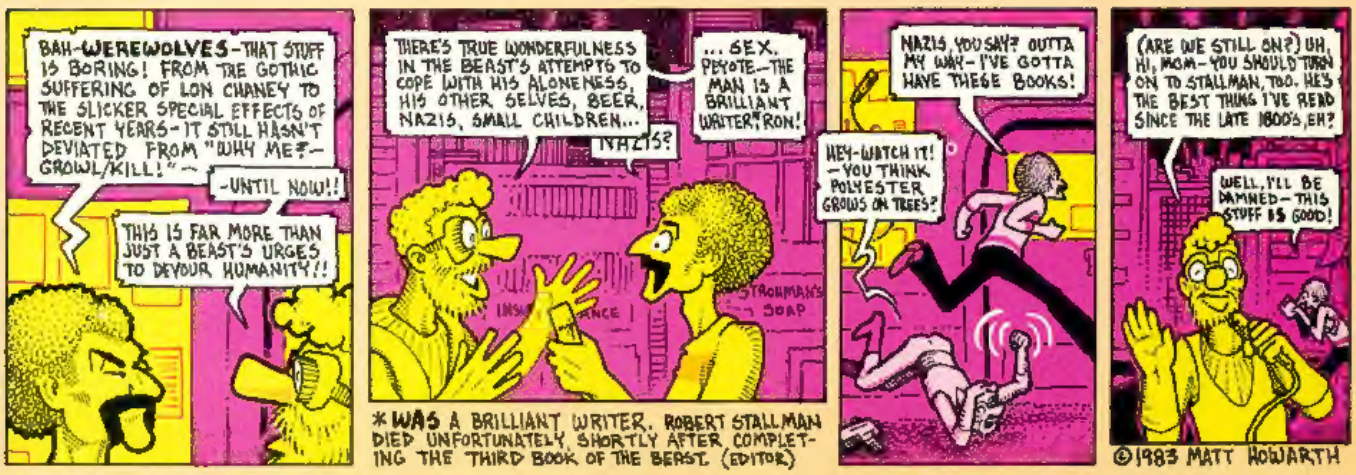
FANTASY FEMMES

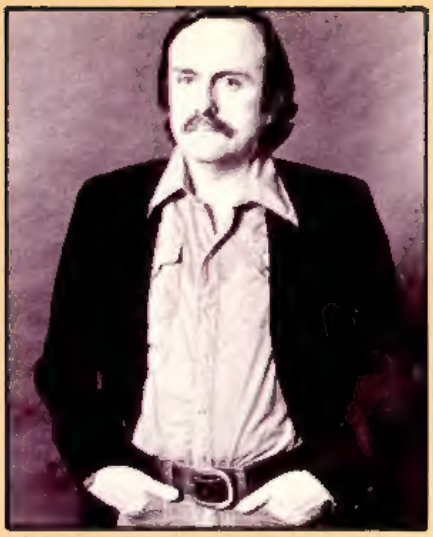
penchant for realistic detail in ***Familiar Spirit*** (Berkley). About spiritual possession in Austin, Texas, it's convincing but slow, slow, slow . . . There's a dopey albeit complimentary introduction by Peter Straub affixed to **Karl Edward Wagner**'s first collection of horror fiction, ***In a Lonely Place*** (Warner), which should attract the large number of readers Wagner deserves. He is the most sophisticated and least adolescent of current horror writers; like Baker and Tuttle, he openly confronts the power in sexual fear and the manipulation of desire . . .Lastly, we come to **Michael Shea**, who has written a half-dozen totally-dissimilar, chilling and ghoulish stories in recent years, all pushing queasiness to the max. His ***Nifft the Lean*** (Daw) is apparently the first volume of fantasy tales chronicling with blood-curdling glee the exploits of a master thief through some pretty sickening locales (starting with Hell and *then* getting nasty). An analogue to the surprises found in Shea's writing would be the time my toothbrush accidentally fell into an unflushed john. Yck! (But Shea is more to my taste.)

—Robert Morales

Lots of Girl books with us this month: mostly by and about persons of the female persuasion. I think I can deal with it. To begin with, there's ***A Woman of the Future***, by **David Ireland** (Bantam). All right, I didn't read it. (Great way to start a review, huh?) I read in it, I read at it, I read around it. Ireland seems very eager that I read *between* the lines. What I found was Significance so rich and moist you could cut it with a feather, just like the old Duncan Hines commercials. In an eerily perverse vision of the near future (in Australia!) peoples' bodies are turning weird on them, and a young girl loses her humanity after falling in love with her father's penis. So what else is new?


WRAB
PIRATE TEEVEE—WITH RON POST—
...ROBERT STALLMAN.
-BY NOW, YOU'VE HEARD THE NAME. ...IT'S A HOUSEHOLD WORD IN BUGTOWN, AND I'M HERE AT THIS LOCAL BOOKSHOP TO FIND OUT WHY!
-SIR, COULD YOU TELL US JUST WHO ROBERT STALLMAN IS...?
OUTTA MY WAY—I'VE GOTTA HAVE HIS BOOKS!
UMM-
WELL... SO FAR, WE'VE BEEN ABLE TO DETERMINE THE CAUSE OF THE BROUHAHA AS STALLMAN'S BEAST TRILOGY—COMPUTER VISUAL, PLEASE.
THE ORPHAN
THE CAPTIVE
THE BEAST*
AH—HERE COMES ANOTHER BYSTANDER.
OK, YOU! WHY'S THIS STALLMAN GUY SO HOT? TALK LIKE YOUR LIFE DEPENDED ON IT!!!
WHY RON—HIS BEAST TRILOGY IS THE FINEST FICTION YOU'LL ENCOUNTER IN THE GENRE OF LYCANTHROPY!
* THESE PAPERBACKS ARE PUBLISHED BY TIMESCAPE/POCKET BOOKS.


BAH—WEREWOLVES—THAT STUFF IS BORING! FROM THE GOTHIC SUFFERING OF LON CHANEY TO THE SLICKER SPECIAL EFFECTS OF RECENT YEARS—IT STILL HASN'T DEVIATED FROM "WHY ME?—GROWL/KILL!"—
-UNTIL NOW!!
THIS IS FAR MORE THAN JUST A BEAST'S URGES TO DEVOUR HUMANITY!!
THERE'S TRUE WONDERFULNESS IN THE BEAST'S ATTEMPTS TO COPE WITH HIS ALONENESS, HIS OTHER SELVES, BEER, NAZIS, SMALL CHILDREN...
NAZIS?
...SEX, PEYOTE—THE MAN IS A BRILLIANT WRITER, RON!
STRAUMAN'S SOAP
*WAS A BRILLIANT WRITER. ROBERT STALLMAN DIED UNFORTUNATELY SHORTLY AFTER COMPLETING THE THIRD BOOK OF THE BEAST. (EDITOR)
NAZIS, YOU SAY? OUTTA MY WAY—I'VE GOTTA HAVE THESE BOOKS!
HEY—WATCH IT! —YOU THINK POLYESTER GROWS ON TREES?
(ARE WE STILL ON?) UH, HI, MOM—YOU SHOULD TURN ON TO STALLMAN, TOO. HE'S THE BEST THING I'VE READ SINCE THE LATE 1800'S, EH?
WELL, I'LL BE DAMNED—THIS STUFF IS GOOD!
©1983 MATT HOWARTH



Alvin Lucier. He is standing in a room.

"Card drenches the pages of *Hart's Hope* in so much piss that we begin to wonder what's *wrong* with the man!"

You're better off with a woman of the past: ***Jirel of Joiry*** by **C.L. (Catherine) Moore** (Ace). These five long stories originally appeared in *Weird Tales* magazine during the 1930s. They are vastly superior to 99% of the "female sword & sorcery" written today. The prose is lush and wonderful, the monsters really monstrous, Jirel is a true leader of men and the ruler of her own fate.

Janny Wurts's first novel, ***Sorcerer's Legacy*** (Ace) provides more old-fashioned cheap thrills, as a defiant heroine adventures her way through a magical court of intrigue; the new twist is that she's pregnant, and that *she* has to save the *prince's* life by marrying him.

A very young girl from our own world is transported to a refreshingly realistic land of magic and adventure in ***The Broken Citadel***, by **Joyce Ballou Gregorian** (Ace). Despite some beginner's mistakes in pacing and characterization, there's a thread of sophistication running through this one; I especially enjoyed the fragments of the land's poetry, legends, and diary entries offered at the end of each chapter. I look forward to reading the sequel, *Castledown* (due in April).

Orson Scott Card has his usual problems with women in ***Hart's Hope*** (Berkley), an otherwise promising new fantasy—in many ways the most interesting to come down the pike in a long time—sporting the year's most gorgeous cover (by Kinuko Craft, with a nod to Breughel). Card takes a lot of chances, and sometimes falls flat on his face—in trying to show the grim realities of a medievaloid city, he drenches the pages in so much piss that we begin to wonder what's *wrong* with the man!—but for once there is a blessedly credible set of made-up names, and an Ultimate Evil that really is as bad as it's supposed to be. Of course, like every other one of Card's books, it's about a young man finding himself; and again, complexity and ambiguity are a male province, while the women are pretty much all-good or all-bad. Well, we've all got to work things out somewhere; and meanwhile Card's magic system is both novel and visceral, even if the philosophy it's founded on is a bit wet behind the ears.

The new psycho-humanism in science fiction presents: ***Darkchild***, by **Sydney J. Van Scyoc**, in a handsome Berkley trade paperback. The Girl fulfills the responsibility of womanhood when she becomes able to use her body to harness the sun's lifegiving force, and the Boy learns to integrate the two halves of his personality that have been split by evil non-humanist aliens. They relate. The story isn't really all that interesting, but the setting—a planet where humans have adapted to hibernation, and whose (female) leaders control natural forces—is.

The landmark fantasy anthology series for the eighties is unequivocably ***Elsewhere***, edited by **Terri Windling** and **Mark Alan Arnold** (Ace). In the first two volumes, the contents range from Michael Moorcock's latest Elric story to amazing poems by people you've never heard of. Most of the hot new talents in what the editors call "high fantasy" are publishing here; in today's conservative fantasy market it's a relief to find some genuine vision—that is, after all, what fantasy's all about, isn't it?

—Ellen Kushner

MUSICAL SCIENCE

Alvin Lucier is a composer who makes music out of science. Each of his compositions is an exploration of some acoustic phenomenon: vibrating wires, room resonances, brain waves, lightning. The results of his investigations, however, go into producing sounds instead of scientific papers.

Born in 1931, Lucier is currently Chairman of the Music Department at Wesleyan University. His education includes study at Yale, Brandeis, and two years in Rome as a Fullbright Scholar. It was John Cage who encouraged Lucier to go in a "new" compositional direction in the early 60's. In 1966 Lucier co-founded the influential Sonic Arts Union with fellow seminal avant-gardists Robert Ashley, David Behrman, and Gordon Mumma.

Lucier got the idea for *Music on a Long Thin Wire* in the acoustics laboratory at Wesleyan. In this piece the music emanates from an eighty-foot metal string driven by an oscillator through the flux field of a magnet. The vibrations of the wire create complex, ever-changing tones.

In *I Am Sitting in a Room*, a room is made to function as a speech filter. Gradually, over a forty-five-minute time span, the room's resonant frequencies are amplified, turning Lucier's speaking voice into melody and harmony.

Lucier works as patiently and carefully as a scientist testing a theory. Though premiered in 1965, *Music for Solo Performer* was made into a record just last year. In it, the alpha-speed electrical activity of the performer's brain is amplified until the signal is big enough to resonate a roomful of percussion instruments. The "solo performer" actually plays a percussion orchestra with his or her brain waves.

Sferics—in the works since 1968, though not yet released on record—uses home-made, large-loop radio antennae. "Sferics" is the short term for what physicists call "atmospherics," or the clicks, pops, bonks, and tweeks generated in the ionosphere by lightning flashes on the other side of the equator. Lucier will continue his work with radio data this summer in New Mexico, in conjunction with a group called Artists of Earthwatch.

Marilyn Chambers. Do anything for ya?

". . . couldn't stop guffawing long enough to be terrified in the least."

Do people like this music? Do they listen? As one reviewer wrote last year when *I Am Sitting in a Room* was released shortly after the double album of *Music on a Long Thin Wire*, "The second Lucier album to come out this year? Perhaps there is some justice in this world after all."

—Constance Ash

(*Music on a Long Thin Wire, I Am Sitting in a Room*, and *Music for Solo Performer* are available as LPs from Lovely Music, 325 Spring St., NY, NY 10013. *Chambers*, a collection of Lucier's major works from 1965 to 1977, including twelve interviews with the composer, is available from Wesleyan University Press.)

THE VAULT OF HORRIBLE [VIDEO]

Although it's damn expensive to produce a movie, it's often just as pricey to release and promote it; somewhere in between there are lots of films made which never hit the theaters. With a medium as cheaply and readily duplicable as videocassettes, the bandwagon is jumping with once-shelved crapola films which would otherwise get virtually no exposure. After all, there is a wealthy horde of betamax owners out there hungry for *product*, and there isn't all that much material around for the viewing—as expected, companies catering to these software-poor consumers are turning up every bad penny just to fill your local video one-stop with shelves of catalogue.

Vestron/VidAmerica is truly in the forefront of this movement, having acquired the rights to such rare gems as ***Human Experiments*** (a horror exploit with young nubiles getting reworked by a mad professor), ***The Inheritance*** (an Eye-tie extravaganza starring Dominique Sanda as Anthony Quinn's daughter-in-law seductress), and a puzzling don't-look-in-the-basement rip self-descriptively entitled ***The Unseen***. VidAmerica claims this was actually in the theaters for a brief moment, but after careful research and several hundred viewings this reporter would question the veracity of such a claim. It stars current Beatle-wife Barbara Bach and ex-Chicagowife / BeachBoywife Karen Lamm as reporters terrorized by a mongoloid assassin who lives beneath the hotel in which they're staying. Fans of this genre take note: my wife, who finds films of this type mortifying, couldn't stop guffawing long enough to be terrified in the least.

VidAmerica has not cornered the market on worthlessness however, as even the somewhat prestigious **MGM/UA Video** combed the attics of British bile to cum up with the softcore ***Emily***, a porn movie distinguished only by the presence of Koo Stark ("A Real Royal Turn-On!" claims the package). For you *New York Post* non-readers, Ms. Stark's claim to fame is her yeoman's service as Prince Andrew's port in a storm, and her performance in *Emily* does nothing to diminish the image of the royal family's outstanding taste. There are no shots of Koo's cooze, and all of the acts are performed with the music of Rod McKuen swelling in the background. You'll have to look far and wide to find a movie as undistinguished as this, with or without the ruling class' object of affection performing acts of sexual and autosexual nature; truly, you have to be lots worse than this to be even good/bad.

—John Tiven

SHE'S NO ANGEL

Known chiefly for her exploits as a porn star (adult film actress, if you please), **Marilyn Chambers**' talents have been more or less ignored by the press, but appreciated by the paying public in such crude, moneymaking, X-raters as *Resurrection of Eve, Behind the Green Door*, and *Insatiable*. Discovering the true Marilyn, however, takes looking further than skin deep. Unlike other sleazy sin-ema sirens, Chambers didn't immediately overexpose herself in hundreds of films, preferring wisely to restrict her activities to men's magazine features, real estate and video investments, and endorsement of a line of machine guns. But the key to her success is probably that she doesn't *have* to do what she does—she *loves* to.

Recently Marilyn financed her own hard-R action flick, ***Angel of H.E.A.T.***, originally slated to be the first made-for-Cable-T.V. movie, but instead distributed on cassette by Vestron Video. In it Chambers plays a sultry Derek Flint/007-type named Angel Harmony, leader of Harmony's Elite Attack Team and charged with saving the world (again?) from terrorists armed with yet another ultimate weapon. Not unexpectedly, much of the film features Marilyn and co-star Mary (*Eating Raoul*) Woronov disrobing, a normally watchable procedure made difficult by the film's grainy quality (bad print or tape transfer?). As suspense cinema goes, *Angel of H.E.A.T.* comes off no better than a *Man from U.N.C.L.E.* episode with some added boobs, lots of butts, and a dash of bush.

Chambers returns to brand X cinema with her next project, ***Up'n'Coming***, about a Country & Western singer on the make. Maybe someday she'll do a real movie.

—Tom Sciacca

(Vestron Video: P.O. Box 4000, Stamford CT 06907)

Two of the Playboy Channel's top execs in a story conference.

BIBLE BELT

What do you call a multimedia event distilled into a trade-sized paperback and narrated/announced by a Jerry Falwell look-alike with definite fascistic overtones and a polyester suit? Why, ***Not the Bible***, of course (Ballantine)

This is one of the funniest revisionist texts to get into print since the *National Lampoon* stopped running hilarious whole-magazine parodies sometime in the mid-seventies. **Tony Hendra** and **David Kaestle** (ex-*Lampooners* both) and **Sean Kelly** (*HM*'s first editor and currently *Lampoon*'s Senior Editor) have now orchestrated the conspiracy that does it to the Good Book.

Shamelessly billing itself as "The World's #2 Bestseller," *Not the Bible* borrows plots, historical personages, and earthshaking events from the *Bible* and proceeds to stick it to Zionists, homosexuals, right-to-lifers, potheads, supply-side-economists, masturbators, right-wing military regimes, and just about any other demographic group worth taking a shot at—all done through this parody's kingpin: the Right Reverend Oral McJorrity, a hellfire-and brimstone preacher/television announcer type with a terrifying resemblance to Jerry Falwell.

And it's all been marvelously compressed and packaged into, as McJorrity himself says, " . . . this truly great book of fabulous characters with wonderful stories to tell . . . it's got excitement, it's got good old-fashioned entertainment, tales of love and hate, of sinners and saints, heaven and hell, good and evil, of absolutely fantastic miracles and the everyday trials and tribulations of everyday people like you and I . . . this is *Not the Bible*."

And it *is* funny!

-Gus Patukas

BOOB TUBE

No erections, no penetration, and no fellatio—those are the three commandments of soft-core sex on pay-cable's **Playboy Channel**. Clean sex (no leather) and satirical fun (no sanity) bring the Channel's rating closer to T than R or X—T for tits. What an invitation to find the Channel. But for whom?

"It started as a men's channel, like the magazine, but I can't leave it that way," declared Paul Klein, President of the Playboy Channel. Klein lives in an office nearly hidden by piles of only two types of paper—research and scripts. "The Playboy viewing experience is as follows," says Klein on a roll. "Fifty percent of the viewing is done on Friday and Saturday nights, and a lot of it is done with guests—'Come on over and see the Playboy Channel.' Another forty percent is done on an LOP basis."

LOP is Kleinspeak, a language the caustic maverick created during the 70's when he ran through positions as NBC programming head, contributing editor to *New York* Magazine, and founder of one of the first pay-cable services, Computer-TV. LOP means "least objectionable programming," or that which you settle on after flipping around the dial ("zapping") and deciding there's nothing worth watching, but you still want to "watch TV."

"Viewers always look at Playboy when they're zapping because you stop when you see skin . . . but if we don't develop female appeal programs, the woman's going to want to get rid of the Channel, because the man's going to choose it every time." In the search for couple-appeal shows, Klein has wisely jettisoned most of the "with tits" programming that dominated the channel at the time of Playboy's official takeover in January. Under its former name, Escapade, the channel concentrated on everything network TV had—game shows, talk shows, variety shows—but all "with tits." The changeover to Playboy has moved the channel into the realm of sensual erotica that the magazine established. Altogether, it's the most definable alternative to network TV since uncut blockbuster movies and MTV.

Most couples will find the Playboy Channel a turn-on: a mix of porn flicks (*The Budding of Brie*), kinky video magazines, real T&A specials, soft-core soaps (Britt Ekland bare in "Dr. Yes"), and explicit comedy. The "heart of the Channel," as Klein calls it, is "Playboy on the Scene." Though erratically paced, the video magazine is filled with surprises, sex, and laughs. It unleashes personalities like Dudley Moore from vapid Johnny Carson-land interviews, and allows them to be hysterically dirty. It delivers good-natured features on topics no one else will handle (herpes), and things no one else will show (R-rated music-videos). And tucked nicely between panels of one-liner cartoons and bizarre comedy sketches are the video centerfolds. As Miss January rises naked from a cliffside jacuzzi overlooking the Pacific, she becomes the perfect video sex surrogate for millions of American males.

Females, says Klein, prefer "The News According to Playboy," a perky, sexual "60 Minutes" that has yet to hit its stride. But Klein vows to push it way beyond normal. "I want (the anchorwoman) to do things like a piece on the Mustang Ranch—they went into Chapter 11 bankruptcy and I want her to find out why. Is porn not selling any more? Is it too expensive? Is the Ranch too dirty? Too run-down? Too far away? Maybe she should work the place for a few days to find out," suggests Klein.

Spring brings the debut of a video version of the magazine's "Little Annie Fannie" strip, and "4 Play," a sit-com(e) about a husband, girlfriend, wife, girlfriend's father foursome. Another new show, "Amateur Strip-Off" was developed because Klein read in a magazine, "that college-educated people want to see a strip-tease on TV. And why? Because it has a beginning, middle and an end."

So it's only T-rated—we've still got U, V, and W to go before it stops. Maybe putting Playboy on cable will finally bring sex back into the American bedroom.

Alan Hecht

THE FUTURE WILL COST 50¢

A REPORT ON THE 1983 AMUSEMENT OPERATORS EXPOSITION (A.O.E.)

©1983, BY JOHN HOLMSTROM

A FEW MONTHS AGO, I SAID THAT **ASTRON BELT**, A PROTOTYPE LASER-DISC GAME FROM **SEGA**, ON DISPLAY AT 1982'S **A.M.O.A** EXPOSITION, POINTED THE WAY TO THE FUTURE OF VIDEOGAMES. AFTER ATTENDING THE 1983 A.O.E SHOW (THE INDUSTRY'S OTHER ANNUAL SHOWCASE) I CAN HAPPILY REPORT THAT THE FUTURE IS ALIVE AND WELL, AND SHOULD MAKE ITS FIRST APPEARANCE THIS SUMMER. THE FIRST OFFICIAL ENTRY IN THE LASERDISC SWEEPSTAKES, **DRAGON'S LAIR**, WAS PROMINENTLY DISPLAYED AND HAS EVERYTHING YOU'D WANT FROM A VIDEO GAME.

OTHER THAN THAT, THE A.O.E OFFERED LITTLE THAT ARCADERS HAVEN'T SEEN ALREADY. INSTEAD OF MAKING BETTER GAMES, MANY MANUFACTURERS ARE ADDING BETTER SOUNDTRACKS. THE NEW GAMES ARE NOT BAD, SINCE HARD-CORE GAMERS ALWAYS FIND SOMETHING TO INTEREST THEM, BUT THE GENERAL PUBLIC WON'T SEE ANYTHING NEW AND EXCITING AND MIGHT START WASTING THEIR DOLLARS ON ROCK RECORDS, MAGAZINES AND MOVIES AGAIN. **DRAGON'S LAIR** IS THE ONLY NEW GAME THAT'S **VISUALLY ARRESTING ENOUGH TO STOP YOU DEAD IN YOUR TRACKS**. IT BLEW THE DOORS OFF EVERY OTHER MACHINE AT THE A.O.E.

DRAGON'S LAIR FEATURES AN ANIMATED CARTOON INSTEAD OF COMPUTER GRAPHICS, AND TELLS A STORY ABOUT A KNIGHT WHO FACES MANY CHALLENGES AND TRIBULATIONS IN HIS ATTEMPT TO RESCUE A BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS FROM A FIRE-BREATHING DRAGON. THE PLAYER CONTROLS THE ACTIONS OF THE MAIN CHARACTER, DIRK THE KNIGHT, AND TRIES TO KEEP HIM ALIVE IN HIS STRUGGLE AGAINST FIRE, FLOOD, GIANT BUGS, EVIL SPIRITS, MONSTERS, AND MORE. DIRK FACES ABOUT 600 DIFFERENT SITUATIONS IN 40 DIFFERENT LOCATIONS BEFORE HE GETS TO THE DRAGON. A JOYSTICK MOVES HIM LEFT, RIGHT, FORWARD OR BACKWARDS, AND AN "ACTION" OR "SWORD" BUTTON, ARE THE CONTROLS. EITHER ONE MUST BE PRESSED AT PRECISELY THE RIGHT MOMENT THAT DIRK FACES A SITUATION, OR ELSE HE DIES AN AGONIZING DEATH.

ONE AND A HALF MILLION DOLLARS WERE SPENT ON THE SOFTWARE ALONE FOR **DRAGON'S LAIR** (WHERE $250,000 IS USUALLY THE BUDGET FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF A VIDEO GAME), SO MAYBE THAT'S WHY THIS GAME WILL COST **FIFTY CENTS** TO PLAY. ALSO, WITHIN A YEAR IT WILL BE AVAILABLE IN A HOME VERSION.

DRAGON'S LAIR WAS CREATED BY **STARCOM**, A DIVISION OF **A.M.S.** (ADVANCED MICROCOMPUTER SYSTEMS) CINEMATRONICS, THE VIDEO GAME COMPANY WHOSE **SPACE WARS** MACHINE SET THE STAGE FOR THE SCIENCE FICTION VIDEO GAME BOOM IN THE LATE 1970'S IS MANUFACTURING AND MARKETING IT.

THE ANIMATION COMPANY WISHES TO REMAIN ANONYMOUS, ALTHOUGH MY SOURCES IN THE CARTOON INDUSTRY ARE CONVINCED THAT IT'S THE WORK OF **DON BLUTH**, WHOSE LAST FILM WAS **THE SECRET OF NIMH**. WHY THEY WANT ANONYMITY IS BAFFLING, SINCE THE WORK IS INCREDIBLE.

VICTOR PENMAN, WHO OVERSAW THE GAME DESIGN AND HELPED TO WRITE THE STORY, TOLD ME THAT THE NEXT GAMES FROM STARCOM WOULD NOT BE ANIMATED, THAT THEY WOULD USE LIVE ACTION (ALTHOUGH YOU NEVER KNOW WITH THESE GUYS). IT WAS OBVIOUS THAT HE ENJOYED WORKING ON **DRAGON'S LAIR**. HIS BACKGROUND WAS IN JOURNALISM AND SIMULATION GAMES, AND HE GREW UP ON COMIC BOOKS, FANTASY, AND SCIENCE FICTION. HE EVEN SAID THAT DIRK WAS INSPIRED BY **CAPTAIN AMERICA**. **RICK DYER**, PRESIDENT OF **A.M.S** AND THE DRIVING FORCE BEHIND **DRAGON'S LAIR**, THOUGHT OF THE IDEA FOUR YEARS AGO, HAS BEEN WORKING ON IT SINCE, AND TOLD ME THAT THE HARDEST PART HAS BEEN CONVINCING PEOPLE THAT IT COULD WORK. HE ALSO READ COMICS AS A KID (ESPECIALLY **SUPERMAN**, OF COURSE). HE SAID THAT HE'S ALWAYS BEEN FASCINATED BY THE IDEA OF BEING ABLE TO GO INTO A WORLD OF MAGIC AND BECOME A PART OF IT. HE ALSO LET IT DROP THAT THE NEW GENERATION OF GAMES, THAT WE'LL SEE IN ABOUT FIVE YEARS, WILL INVOLVE THE OTHER SENSES - TOUCH, SMELL AND POSSIBLY TASTE - TO ENHANCE THE REALISM. THE ENGINEER, **DAVE JOHNSON**, CONVINCED ME THAT IN FIVE YEARS, THE HARDWARE WILL BE THERE TO ACCOMPLISH THE NEXT BIG JUMP IN GAME TECHNOLOGY.

STORIES WERE FILTERING DOWN ABOUT FILM CREWS RUNNING AROUND THE GRAND CANYON, AND A SCIENCE FICTION SPECIAL EFFECTS COMPANY WORKING ON A SPECIAL 3-D PROCESS BOTH FOR UPCOMING LASERDISC PROJECTS. VIDEO GAMES ARE MOVING SO FAST THAT IN FIVE YEARS THE FUTURE WILL BE VERY OLD.

—JOHN HOLMSTROM

NEW RELEASES TO WATCH FOR!
RATINGS SYSTEM- NOT EVERYTHING WAS AS GOOD AS DRAGON'S LAIR (SEE LEFT) BUT SOME OF THE GAMES DESERVE MENTION. THESE RATINGS ARE BASED ON MY PERSONAL TASTES ONLY!
GREAT— 25¢ 25¢ 25¢ 25¢
ABOVE AVERAGE- 25¢ 25¢ 25¢
MEDIOCRE — 25¢ 25
DON'T BOTHER-
Congo Bongo
©SEGA 1983
3 D DONKEY KONG. GREAT DRUM BEAT
25¢ 25 25
XEVIOUS
ATARI ®, ©NAMCO 19
GREAT-LOOKING SCIENCE FICTION SHOOTING GAM
SINISTAR
©WILLIAMS 1983
SCIENCE FICTION NIGHTMARE STARRING AN EVIL, TALKING ROBOT SHIP
GYRUSS
©1983
SOMEWHERE BETWEEN TEMPEST AND GALAGA. EXCITING ROCK SOUNDTRACK.
MARIO BROS.
©NINTENDO 1983
A CARTOON JOUST STARS MARIO AND HIS BROTHER LUIGI
25¢ 25¢ 2
VAMPIRE
©BRASS 1983
BITE THE BLONDES, AVOID NUNS, PRIESTS AND HOLY WATER THEM WITH
25¢ 25¢ 25¢
WACKO
©BALLY MIDWAY 1983
CARTOON WIZARD IN FLYING SAUCER SHOOTS MONSTERS. CRAZY CABINET
MAD PLANETS
©1983
BLOW UP PLANETS, RESCUE ASTRONAUTS, SHOOT THE MOONS. A ROCKIN' ROLL WASHING MACHINE.
FOOD FIGHT
©ATARI 1983
THROW FOOD AT COOKS, EAT AN ICE CREAM CONE. WATCH INSTANT REPLAY!
Professor Pac-Man
AN EDUCATIONAL "GAME" THAT TESTS YOUR I.Q. I HATED IT, BUT THEN AGAIN, I FLUNKED
©BALLY MIDWAY 1983
2

ABOVE: STILLS FROM THE LASERDISC VIDEO GAME DRAGON'S LAIR (©STARCOM 1983)

NAHALLYWOOD

The funniest stuff going on in America these days is happening at The White House — and that doesn't really count because I'm pretty sure it's not meant as intentional humor.

Sad to say, there are not a lot of genuine yocks in circulation right now. Hollywood hasn't exactly helped the comedy cause by ignoring the spirit of Fields, Keaton and the Brothers Marx and spewing out, instead, puerile pap like *Porky's I* and *II*, *Spring Break*, *Cheech and Chong's (your title here)*, ad nauseum.

And TV's even worse. NBC recently cancelled "SCTV," the lone comedic gem on a network which has seen fit to retain such gutbusters as "Gimme A Break," "The Facts of Life," and "Diff'rent Strokes." (Hey, I don't know about you, but when I feel like laughing, I go for sitcoms starring black dwarfs every time.)

The slapstick situation, however, is not totally hopeless. In fact, NBC's loss may be Hollywood's gain. This year will see the release of two off-the-wall comedies by "**SCTV**" alumni ***Strange Brew*** starring **Dave Thomas** and **Rick Moranis** (as Canadian cut-ups Bob and Doug McKenzie) and ***Going Berserk*** featuring **John Candy**, **Joe Flaherty**, and **Eugene Levy**.

On the Universal lot in El Lay, director **David Steinberg** watches the antics of Candy, Flaherty, and Levy as they rehearse a *Berserk* bit and tries to explain the essence of his comedic approach. "This is a hard film to describe. It's a cross between Monty Python and the Hope-Crosby 'Road' movies. Sort of." He pauses meaningfully. "In a way."

As he speaks, his three stars enact a film within a film sequence wherein Candy portrays a chubby David Carradine type in *Kung Fu U*, a stirring saga set in the world's finest martial arts college. A place where freshmen get beanies and everything.

"This scene has nothing to do with our plot," Steinberg advises. "Such that it is. John plays a limousine driver who is brainwashed by a mad aerobics cult into assassinating his future father-in-law. Joe plays Chic Leff, John's best friend and Eugene is Sal DiPasquale, a sleazy filmmaker. They play dozens of other roles, too. Basically, I guess this is about a guy who wants to get married and the things that happen to him on the way."

Steinberg isn't worried about *Berserk* being compared to the current crop of tits 'n' ass comedies. "I know what elements make a movie commercial — but I'm not sure they make me laugh. I can only make a movie that makes me laugh. We have things in this movie that I think are truly funny — but weird."

Meanwhile, across tinseltown at MGM, Dave Thomas and Rick Moranis are putting the final touches on their own brand of weirdness — writing, directing, and starring in *Strange Brew*.

"I don't think it's possible to *talk* about our plot," offers Moranis. "It's just a Bob and Doug movie. On TV, it was, 'Good day and welcome to our TV show.' This is sort of, 'Good day, this is our first movie, eh?'"

In *Strange Brew*, the naive McKenzies (and their wonder dog, Hosehead) are pitted against Max Von Sydow and Paul Dooley, two evil brewmeisters out to tamper with the formula of a popular local beer.

OK. So, story-wise, it ain't up there with *Wuthering Heights*. But explains Moranis, "We manage to treat *every thing* lightly. We just romp through this in an adventure-comedy style."

Thomas adds, "I don't know if the movie will be a hit or not. I hope it is just so we can do a sequel. I want to shoot the second film in Bora Bora or Tahiti. On this one we froze our asses off, shooting in Canada.

"We filmed one sequence, a hockey game, for three days on ice. Now, when you stand on ice for three days, no matter *what* you wear, the cold slowly works its way up through your body until it finds a place to park in your head. You can't think when your head is frozen, let alone be funny."

"Maybe the sequel can have Bob and Doug shipwrecked on an island, like Gilligan. They have a cigarette lighter and are worshipped by the natives as gods. This might not seem too funny to you, but it sure would get us a good tan."

Moranis is more practical about the fate of the film. "I hope the movie is a hit in strange countries that have never heard of us or 'SCTV' and speak no English. It would be great to tour over there, land at the airport, and be greeted by sunken-eyed people chanting, 'Bub and Dug. Bub and Dug. Bub and Dug.'"

Standing beneath an oversized portrait of the MGM lion, Moranis cackles gleefully. "Now *that's* what I call *success!*"

Betcha Cheech and Chong never had a thought like that. Gary Coleman, either.

John Candy and Eugene Levy caught during pledge week at Kung Fu U.

In the works: Thomas and Moranis next team with Dan Aykroyd for a north-of-the-border comedy, *Never Say Mountie . . .* Candy and Levy will be featured in Ron Howard's fishy new film, *Splash*. It's about a fella who finds a mermaid (Daryl Hannah (the back-breaking blonde from *Blade Runner*) plays the sea siren). George Romero is planning to film his own (distinctive) version of Mary Shelley's main man, *Frankenstein*. That's in addition to a superhero film, his third zombie epic, *The Stand*, and *Creepshow II* . . . Gary Kurtz is quietly preparing his *Return to Oz* for Disney, who own the rights to all the Oz books but one (the wonderful *Wizard* of same). Producer Dino De Laurentiis and director Ralph Bakshi are collaborating on a live-action version of *Red Sonja* . . . David Carradine will mix sword and sorcery with science fiction in *Kane of Dark Planet*. Roger Corman is producing. Producer Charles Fries (*The Martian Chronicles*) is planning to bring Arthur C. Clarke's *Rendezvous with Rama* to the widescreen. The first new wave (as in music) mystery? That's what director Aaron Lipstadt is promising in *Slam Dance*, a Los Angeles-based epic to be lensed this fall. And are you ready? Michael O'Donoghue's script for the sequel to *Easy Rider* is in. Called *Biker Heaven*, it deposits our two long-dead hog lovers (Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper) back on Earth in a post-holocaust future to re-establish the disintegrating country of America. P.S. It's a satirical adventure. Phew!

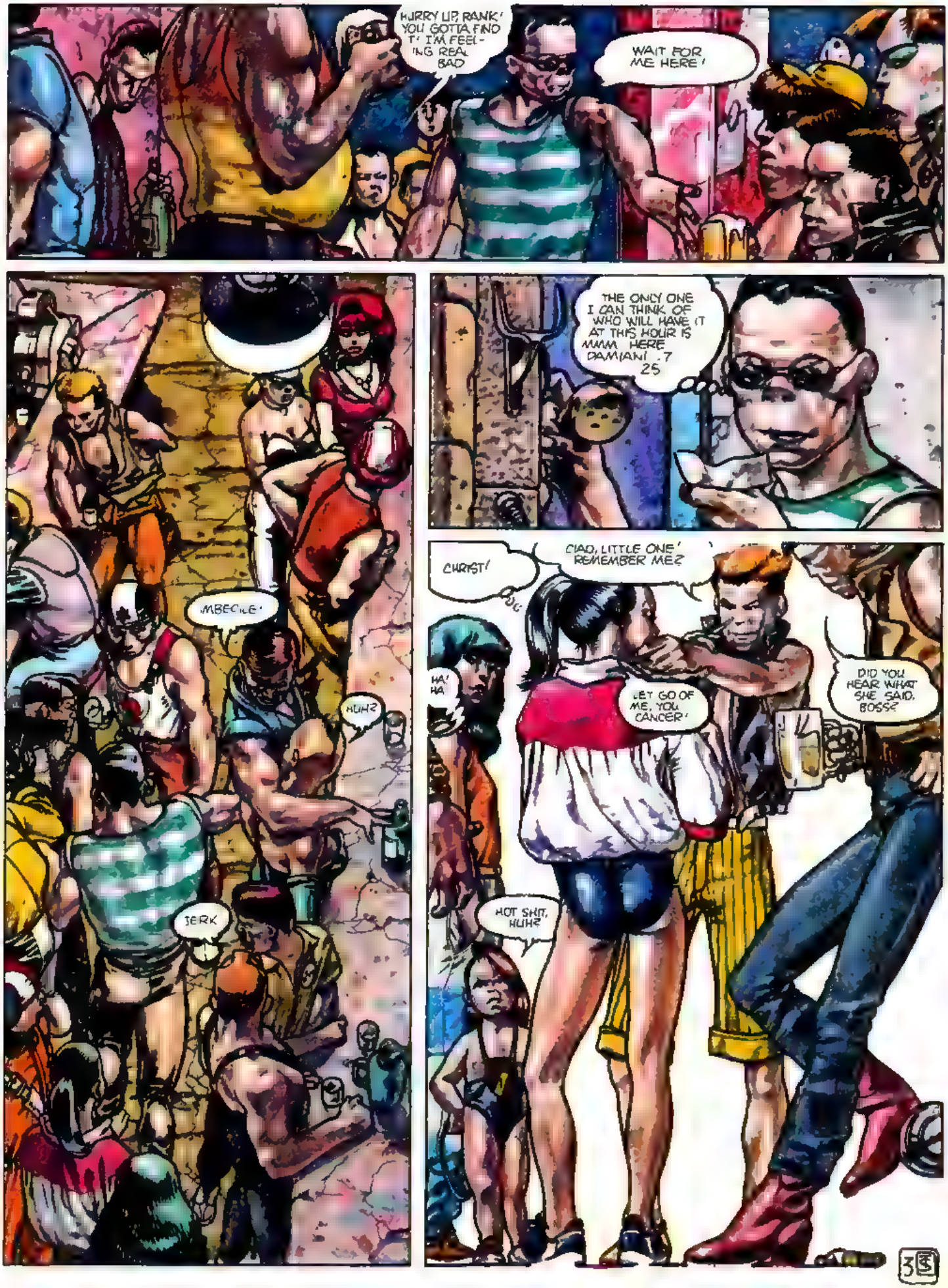
—Ed Naha

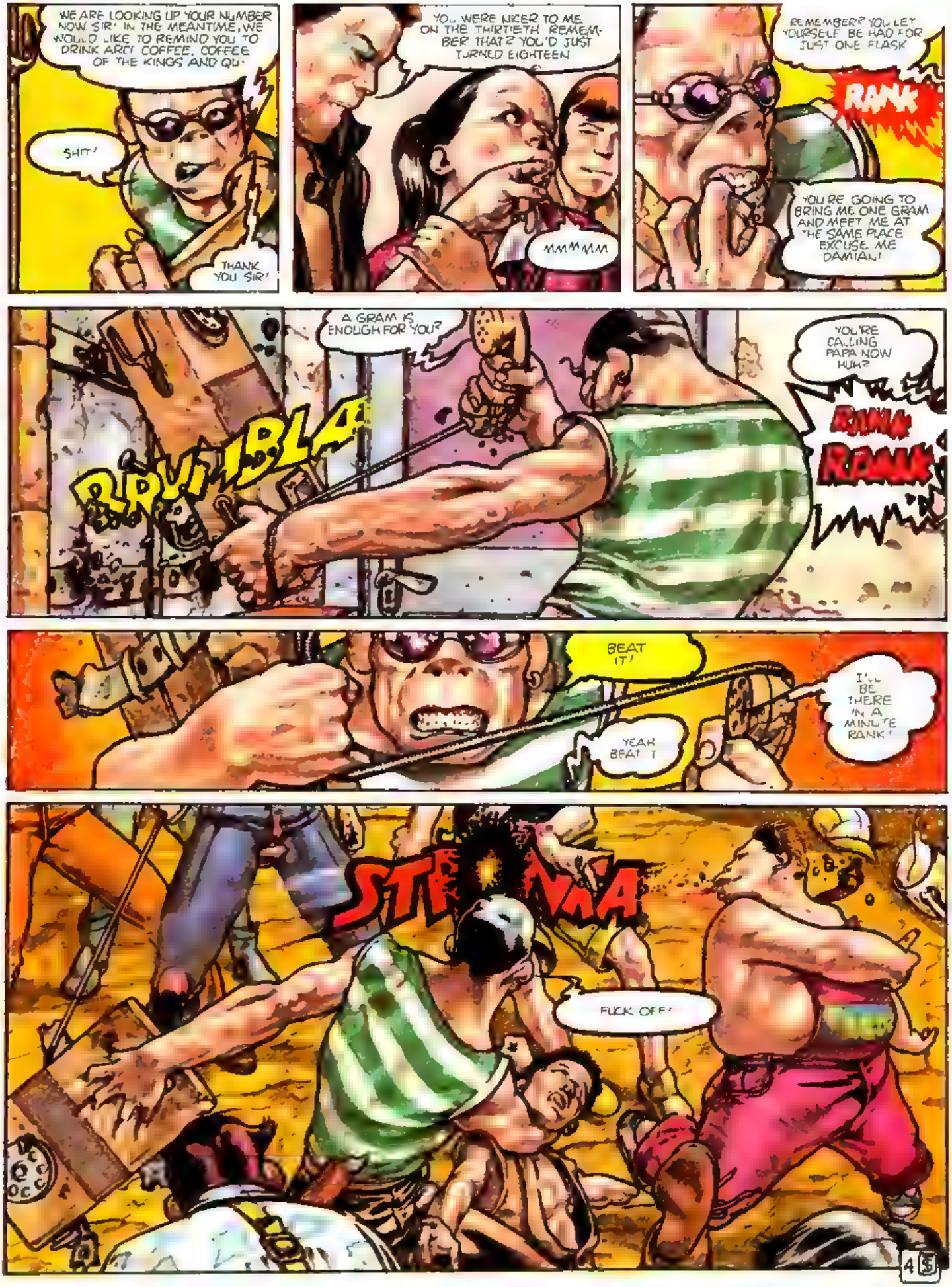
(Ed Naha is an LA-based writer whose most recent books include Brilliance on a Budget, *about Roger Corman, and* The Suicide Plague, *an sf novel. His slightly jaundiced reports on doings in Hollywood will appear monthly in these pages, until the town drives him totally nuts.)*

RANXEROX

© 1981, STEFANO TAMBURINI AND TANINO ; IBERATORE

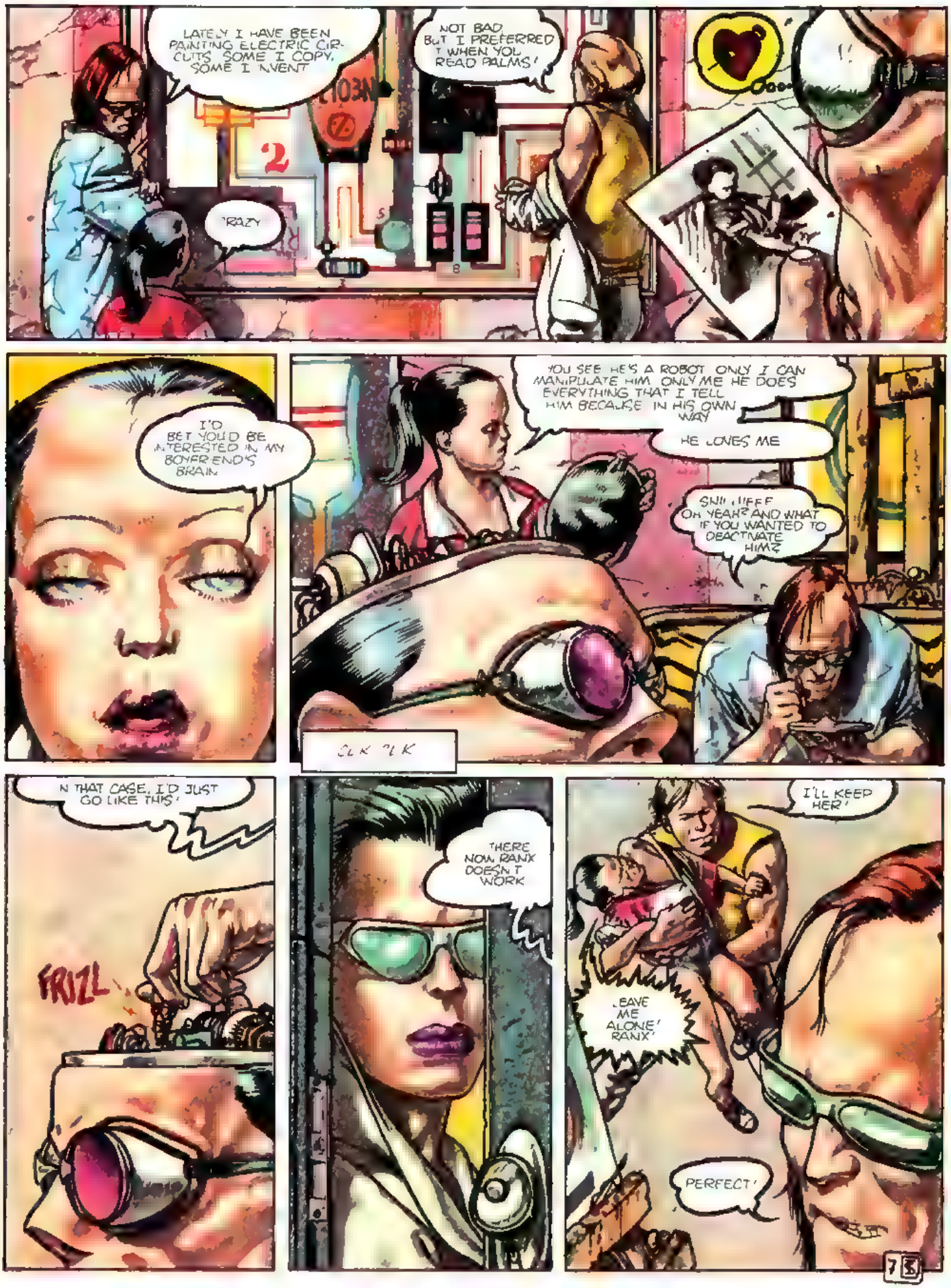
30° LIVE
ROME, 30TH LEVEL. THE TIME IS 7PM. RANXEROX HAS AN APPOINTMENT WITH LUBNA IN FRONT OF THE CONDI-LOM! BAR
THERE HE IS!
HE'S CUTE


HURRY UP, RANK! YOU GOTTA FIND T' I'M FEEL-ING REAL BAD
WAIT FOR ME HERE!
MBECILE!
HUH?
JERK
THE ONLY ONE I CAN THINK OF WHO WILL HAVE IT AT THIS HOUR IS MMM HERE DAMIANI .7 25
CHRIST!
CIAO, LITTLE ONE! REMEMBER ME?
HA! HA
LET GO OF ME, YOU CANCER!
DID YOU HEAR WHAT SHE SAID, BOSS?
HOT SHIT, HUH?


WE ARE LOOKING UP YOUR NUMBER NOW, SIR! IN THE MEANTIME, WE WOULD LIKE TO REMIND YOU TO DRINK ARC! COFFEE, COFFEE OF THE KINGS AND QU-
SHIT!
THANK YOU SIR!
YOU WERE NICER TO ME ON THE THIRTIETH. REMEMBER THAT? YOU'D JUST TURNED EIGHTEEN
MMMMM
REMEMBER? YOU LET YOURSELF BE HAD FOR JUST ONE FLASK
RANK
YOU'RE GOING TO BRING ME ONE GRAM AND MEET ME AT THE SAME PLACE. EXCUSE ME DAMIAN!
A GRAM IS ENOUGH FOR YOU?
RRUIBLA
YOU'RE CALLING PAPA NOW HUH?
RONNK
RONNK
BEAT IT!
YEAH BEAT IT
I'LL BE THERE IN A MINUTE RANK!
STRANNA
FUCK OFF!

COME ON, RANK! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! I SAID I'M FEELING BAD!
EH?
MOVE IT, MACHO MAN! THE PLASMA HAS ARRIVED
SNORT
SO, LOVERS WHAT CAN YOU TELL ME?
DROP IT, DAMIAN.
GO
I RAN UP TO THE 3RD LEVEL TODAY THEY SELL GREAT SHIT MAN! DRUGS FOR THE PSYCHE THE GREATEST STUFF ON ANY LEVEL, DON'T GET ME WRONG, I LOVE THE 30TH LEVEL! I LOVE THIS LEVEL!
SHUT UP AND TAKE OUT THE STUFF!
COOL OFF! I HAVE TO GET THREE OUNCES TO SOME GUY-IT'S AT HALF A MILLION A GRAM AND HE'S PAYING CASH! THEREFORE, MY ARROGANT LITTLE TWERP I'M IN A GREAT HURRY! AFTERWARDS YOU'LL GET YOURS!
ROAR
5

HE'S A SUPER-RICH PAINTER! HE SAYS HE'S TELEPATHIC, BUT AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, HE'S JUST A LITTLE PARA-NO D' COME ON UP TO HIS PLACE WITH ME HE'S VERY HOSPITABLE!
RANIERO, IT'S DAMIAN!
DRRRRR
LU MY LOVE, YOU'RE NOT GO NG TO DO T ARE YOU?
CUT T OUT YOU IDIOT!
BRAVO DAMIAN THESE YOUR FRIENDS?
THE GIRL WANTS TO DO T HERSELF RIGHT? E VERYTH NG SHE'LL NEED S NSIDE!
WHAT ARE YOU WORKING ON NOW?
I'M HAVING A SHOW IN A FEW DAYS IN THE BIG HALL ON NUCLEAR POINT N LAMPEDUSA GUESS YOU HADN'T HEARD!

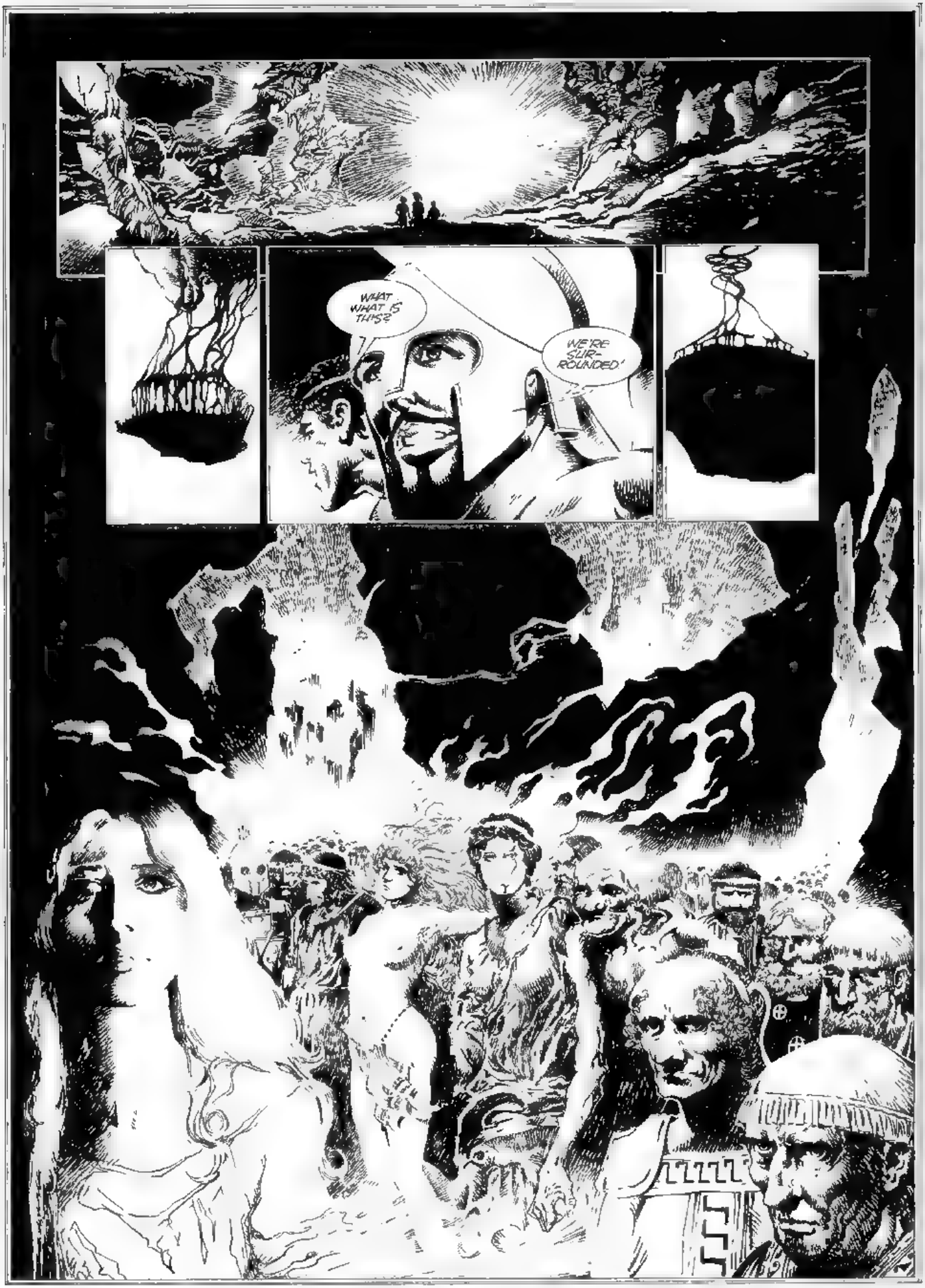

LATELY I HAVE BEEN PAINTING ELECTRIC CIRCUITS SOME I COPY, SOME I INVENT
NOT BAD BUT I PREFERRED WHEN YOU READ PALMS!
CRAZY
I'D BET YOU'D BE INTERESTED IN MY BOYFRIEND'S BRAIN
YOU SEE HE'S A ROBOT ONLY I CAN MANIPULATE HIM ONLY ME HE DOES EVERYTHING THAT I TELL HIM BECAUSE IN HIS OWN WAY
HE LOVES ME
OH YEAH? AND WHAT IF YOU WANTED TO DEACTIVATE HIM?
CLICK
IN THAT CASE, I'D JUST GO LIKE THIS!
FRIZL
THERE NOW RANX DOESN'T WORK
I'LL KEEP HER!
LEAVE ME ALONE! RANX!
PERFECT!

TWO MINUTES
THE END OF THE RIDE DOLL
WHEN THE TIME IS RIGHT, YOU'LL KNOW WHAT I WANT FROM YOU.
RANKEROX WAS LEFT AT THE FLOOR OF THE COLISEUM. HE WAS COMPLETELY DEACTIVATED. THE ONLY SOUND FOR MILES AROUND WAS THE TICK OF AN ELECTRONIC TIME-COMMAND MACHINE, PLACED IN HIS BRAIN CIRCUIT
T-CLAK
T-CLAK
T-CLAK
NET
8

TO BE CONTINUED

THE ODYSSEY
BY FRANCISCO NAVARRO
AND JOSÉ SAURI
THE WINDS BLEW US TO THE OCEAN'S LIMITS, WHERE THE VILLAGE AND THE CITY OF THE CIMMERIANS CAME TOGETHER
THIS IS WHERE PHLEGETHON AND THE COCYTUS BRING THEIR WATERS INTO THE ACHERON
...WHERE YOU MEET THE DARKNESS OF HADES

WE BEACHED ON THE SHORE, CAPTURED VICTIMS FOR THE SACRIFICE, AND FORGED AHEAD INTO THE LAND.
WAIT HERE AND PRAY FOR OUR RETURN!
AS CIRCE HAD INSTRUCTED, I DUG A HOLE IN THE EARTH
AND OFFERED THE RITUAL LIQUIDS: FIRST MILK AND HONEY, THEN WINE AND FINALLY WATER
I OFFERED PRAYERS AND PLEAS TO THE CITY OF THE DEAD, AND THEN BEHEADED THE CATTLE OVER THE HOLE.
READY, FRIENDS! SKIN THEM BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! BEFORE WE MEET THE DEAD!
© PEREZ NAVARRO - MARTIN SAURI


WHAT WHAT IS THIS?
WE'RE SUR-ROUNDED!

QUICK, SKIN THE CATTLE AND BURN THEM IF YOU FEAR FOR YOUR SOULS!
STOP! DON'T DRINK THE BLACK BLOOD UNTIL I'VE QUESTIONED TEIRESIAS
ODYSSEUS, WHY HAVE YOU COME HERE, SO FAR FROM SUNLIGHT? STEP BACK AND LET ME DRINK THIS BLOOD! ONLY THEN WILL I ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS!

WHEN HE HAD DRUNK, HE SAID TO ME
YOU ARE SEARCHING FOR A WAY TO RETURN TO YOUR HOME, ODYSSEUS, BUT IT WON'T BE EASY BECAUSE THERE IS A GOD WHO HOLDS A GRUDGE AGAINST YOU FOR BLINDING HIS SON.
BUT YOU WILL SUCCEED IF, WHEN YOU ANCHOR YOUR SHIP AT THE ISLE OF THRINACIE, YOU DON'T HARM THE CATTLE AND SHEEP OF THE SUN, WHO SEE AND HEAR EVERYTHING.
BUT IF YOU HARM THEM, YOUR SHIP AND COMRADES WILL BE DESTROYED. AND EVEN IF YOU DO ESCAPE, YOU WILL RETURN TO YOUR HOME IN AN EVIL PLIGHT
YOU WILL FIND PLAGUES RAVAGING YOUR PALACE. I, TEIRESIAS OF THEBES HAVE WARNED YOU.
MY SON! HAVE YOU NOT BEEN TO ITHACA? HAVE YOU NOT SEEN YOUR WIFE?
MOTHER! PLEASE TELL ME ABOUT HER
SHE IS EVER FAITHFUL TO YOU, BUT HER NIGHTS ARE FILLED WITH TEARS!
AND TELEMACHUS, YOUR SON, CARES FOR YOUR HOME AND LAND, EVEN THOUGH VULTURES WAIT TO CLAIM THEM.
I HAD ALREADY SEEN AND HEARD A LOT IN THIS DARK COUNTRY FROM TYRO, WIFE OF CRETHEUS, AEOLUS'S SON, TO ALCMENE, AMPHITRYON'S WIFE, AND THE MOTHER OF OEDIPUS, THE BEAUTIFUL EPICUSTE
I WELCOMED THE SOULS OF ACHILLES AND OF PATROCLUS, OF AIAS AND OF AGAMEMNON. THE SIGHT OF SO MANY HEROES TOGETHER BROUGHT ME TO TEARS

I SAW MINOS, ILLUSTRIOUS SON OF ZEUS, DELIVERING JUDGEMENT TO THE DEAD
AND I SAW THE GIANT ORION, WHO HUNTS DOWN WILD BEASTS WITH HIS SAVAGE BRONZE CLUB

I SAW TITHOS ATTACKED BY VULTURES, WHO WERE GNAWING AT HIS ORGANS FOR RAPING THE GLORIOUS WIFE OF ZEUS
I SAW TANTALUS SUFFERING SIMILAR TORTURE THE OLD MAN STOOPED DOWN TO DRINK AS MANY TIMES AS THE WATER IN THE LAND DISAPPEARED.
AND SISYPHUS WAS ALSO BEING TORTURED, STRUGGLING WITH AN ENORMOUS STONE TO THE TOP OF A MOUNTAIN BUT EVERY TIME HE REACHED THE TOP A POWERFUL FORCE STRUCK IT BACK DOWN, AND HE HAD TO START OVER AGAIN

THERE WERE ANCIENT MEN I WANTED TO KNOW, BUT ENDLESS NUMBERS OF THE DEAD GATHERED TOO MANY!
BLOOD! GIVE IT TO US, DIVINE ODYSSEUS!
WE WANT YOUR BLOOD!
WE NEED IT!
THIS EMPTINESS!
STOP!
THEY'LL GO BACK NOW!
THEY'RE FOLLOWING US! UNFASTEN THE ROPES!
AT FIRST WE ROWED, BUT LATER A SPLENDID BREEZE MOVED US DOWN THE CURRENT AT THE RIVER OF THE OCEAN TO AEAEA AND TO CIRCE!
TO BE CONTINUED...

CHAIN MAIL

To Whom It May Concern,

To judge from your selection of letters in January's Chain Mail, people who disagree with the way you run the magazine are "assholes" and morons, who offer criticism that is of low quality and/or "insignificant." *(Not exactly. Assholism has nothing to do with whether someone disagrees with us or not, and only a little bit to do with the quality of the criticism. Mostly it has to do with the* tone *of the criticism: aka the Obnox Quotient. It's the implication, or direct statement, that "Of course Richard Corben sucks these days" –or some other equivalent judgement—so why the hell are you dirtying your magazine with his crap?" That's the sort of stuff that yanks our collective cranks and causes us to spew obscenities from every available orifice.—ls)* Being a bit defensive, aren't we? At the risk of being called a nasty, arrogant name, I will now offer my criticisms.

I've always had mixed feelings about *HM*. Your aspirations to being an "adult illustrated fantasy magazine" are noble, but you seem to equate being "adult" with being pretentious. There's nothing wrong with wanting to do graphic stories above the intellectual level of *Ghost Rider*, but you've gone so far in the other direction that the stories are almost totally inaccessible. Frankly, I find it remarkable that a magazine like *HM* has survived. Not that I'm complaining; I hope you continue publishing for a long, long time. But, come on now, confess! How many of your readers honestly understand things like "The Ape," "Starstruck," and "Rock Opera," most of the European material, etc.? *(I occasionally have problems understanding a strip or two, but never had any difficulty with the ones you mention.—ls)* I know I don't. The art is very nice, but the stories are so impenetrable, and therefore uninteresting, that they lack any kind of real impact. I've wracked my brain, but am still unable to understand why you continue to inflict the "art" of Rod Kierkegaard, Jr. on the world. Is it meant to be some kind of elaborate joke on your readership? If I was an editor, I wouldn't let him through the door. His work is completely and utterly worthless. *(Your Obnox Quotient just hit the danger zone. I've defended Mod Rod here in the past, and I still think "Rock Opera" is one of the best things we run. Lots of our mail echoes that opinion. That you think it's "utterly worthless" just means you should avoid pgs. 92–95 and stick to the stuff you like.—ls)*

Now that I've whupped the flesh from your bones, I'll try to apply some salve to the wounds. I've been forced to buy the past several issues, as I'm a big Mike Kaluta fan. "The Man from Harlem" is good enough to persuade me to keep buying to see what happens to Little Johnny Lincoln. Charles Burns's "Robot Love" (Jan.) was everything I want *HM* to be. It had strange and fantastic settings, characters, and events, but an intelligible storyline, interesting characters one could empathize with, a loony menacing atmosphere, superb spooky artwork, and potent social satire. In short, it had everything! I would love to see further adventures of the rotund Mr. Borbah, and more work by Charles Burns in future issues.

As you may have divined, I find your magazine frustrating. It has so much potential—it's a shame so little of it has been realized. The editors are always saying how superior *HM* is to Marvel Comics *(When? Where? ls)*, but I get more enjoyment and pleasure out of *Marvel Fanfare* than I ever have from *HM*. If that makes me a moron, so be it. I wish *HM* continued success, but fervently hope you will come to your senses, make your magazine more entertaining and less alienating, and start printing more material for the morons in your audience.

David Pulleyblank
Denver, Iowa

Dear *HM*:

You have an excellent magazine, however there is one area I feel you have neglected: S&M/B&D. Also, your movie was disappointing for the same reason, only bare glimmers of S&M/B&D. It is one of the most provocative, bizarre, powerful modes for integrating the raw physicality of sex with the soaring fantasies of the imagination. Please try to incorporate some of this mode in the future.

Dale Swain
Centerville, Ga.

That's whips-and-chains and "Oh-you-naughty-boy" stuff Dale Swain is referring to, for those of you in the dark. I did not make this letter up. —ls

Dear Editor:

I used to admire Richard Corben greatly, but the more I think about it, the more dismayed I am by his entire attitude toward life. He glorifies conflict, ethnicity, and hatred between different racial groups. It seems to me that in this very troubled world of today, we should be looking for harmonizing influences and peaceful overtures.

C. Wellman
Rego Park, N.Y.

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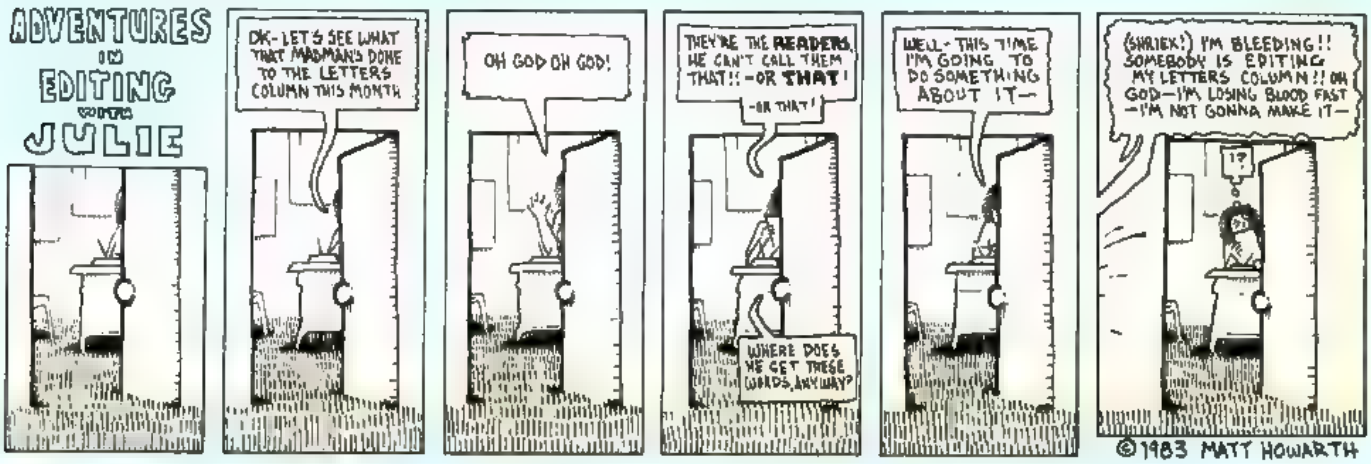
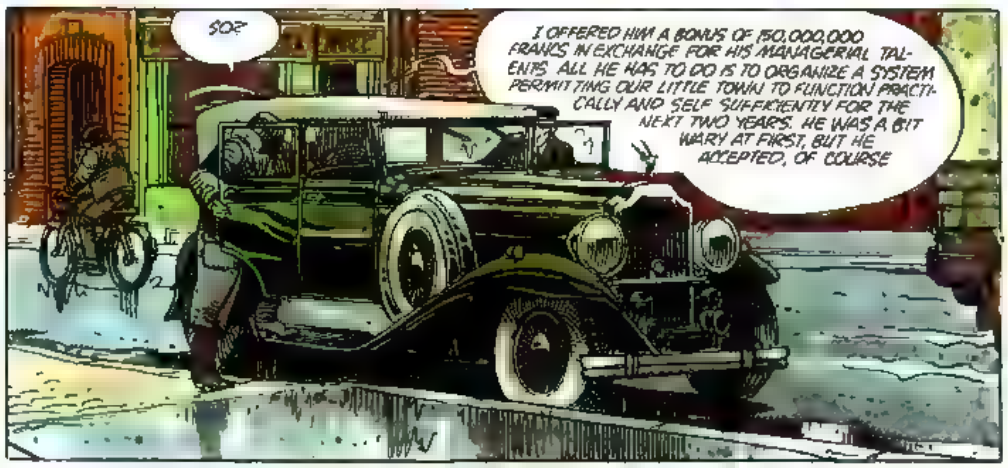

ADVENTURES IN EDITING WITH JULIE
OK- LET'S SEE WHAT THAT MADMAN'S DONE TO THE LETTERS COLUMN THIS MONTH
OH GOD OH GOD!
THEY'RE THE READERS, HE CAN'T CALL THEM THAT!! -OR THAT!
-OR THAT!
WHERE DOES HE GET THESE WORDS, ANYWAY?
WELL- THIS TIME I'M GOING TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT—
(SHRIEK!) I'M BLEEDING!! SOMEBODY IS EDITING MY LETTERS COLUMN!! OH GOD—I'M LOSING BLOOD FAST —I'M NOT GONNA MAKE IT—
©1983 MATT HOWARTH

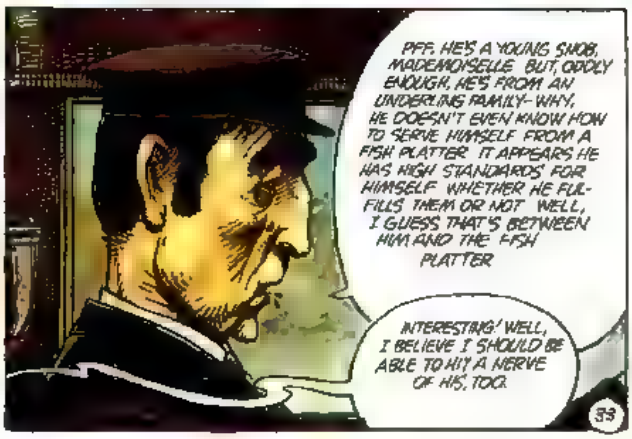
JUNE 2050
WE ARE UPON THE ELUSIVE THRESHOLD OF A MEANINGFUL AND LASTING PEACE!
JUNE 2051
OUR EXECUTIVE ACTION PROGRAMS OF CIVILIAN ORCHIDECTOMY, COUPLED WITH SELECTIVE CONGENITAL EMASCULATION, HAS DETERRED THE GODLESS HEATHENS, FORCING THEM TO ACCEPT AN EXPENDABLE BUT LASTING PEACE!
JUNE 2052
THROUGH TACTICALLY PRE-EMPTIVE BILATERAL ESCALATION, WE HAVE EFFECTIVELY NEUTRALIZED THE WANTON WARMONGERS' RETALIATORY CAPACITY AND BROUGHT ABOUT A FORCED BUT LASTING PEACE!
JUNE 2053
OUR OFFICIAL POLICY OF AGGREGATE CIVILIAN DEFLOWERMENT, COUPLED WITH OUR UNIQUE PROGRAM OF PROTECTIVE SOCIAL GENOCIDE, HAS ALLOWED US TO LIBERATE THE LANDS OF THE INIQUITOUS ASSAILERS, EFFECTING A LASTING THOUGH LACONIC PEACE!
JUNE 2054
THE KILL RATIO OF OUR STRATEGIC ONE-UPMANSHIP IN SELECTIVE SURGICAL STRIKE ZONES, HAS SUCCESSFULLY CULMINATED IN THE RETROGRADE MANEUVERS OF THE VILE PAGAN AGGRESSORS BRINGING FORTH A NEBULOUS BUT LASTING PEACE!
JUNE 2055
THERE CAN BE LITTLE DOUBT THAT THE COLLATERAL DAMAGE INFLICTED BY THE LIMITED BUT MEANINGFUL NUCLEAR INTERMENT OF OUR ODIOUSLY CONTEMPTIBLE ADVERSARIES HAS INSTILLED WITHIN THEM A POST-HOLOCAUSTIC NEUROSIS WHICH CAN ONLY RESULT IN A SUCCINCT BUT LASTING PEACE!
JUNE 2056
SURE, OUR CASUALTIES ARE EXTENSIVE! BUT WE'VE GOT 'EM ON THE RUN NOW, AND SOON WE'LL ALL BE BASKING IN THE WARMTH OF A SENTENTIOUS BUT LASTING PEACE!
IT'S ALL SO EXCRUCIATINGLY CLEAR! THERE IS BUT A SOLITARY PATH TO MEANINGFUL AND LASTING PEACE.
... NUKE THE BASTARDS INTO FIERY OBLIVION!
WOM!

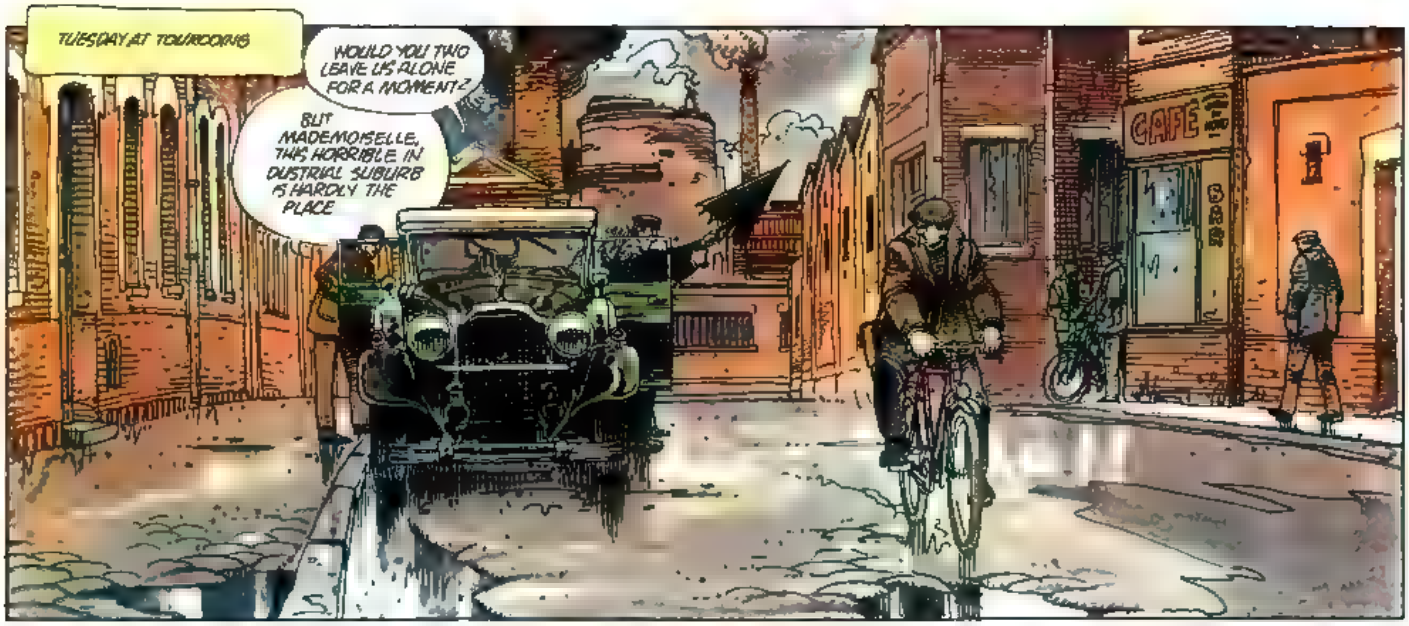
The City That Didn't Exist
by P. Christin and Enki Bilal

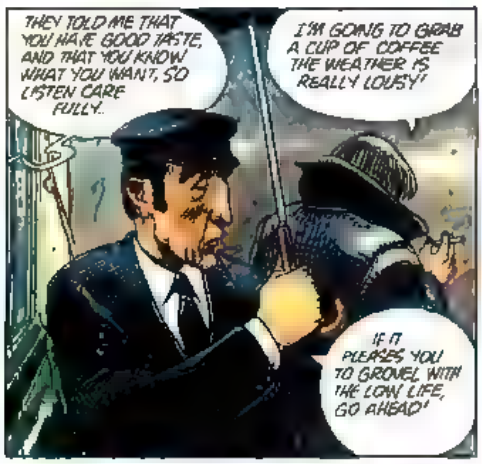
LAST WE READ, MADEMOISELLE HANNARD HAD ATTENDED JULES' FUNERAL WHERE SHE PUBLICLY PROMISED THE LOCAL TOWNSPEOPLE A DECREASE IN UNEMPLOYMENT AND AN INCREASE IN SALARIES AND BONUSES. THE FIRST PART OF HER PLAN TO KEEP THESE PROMISES INVOLVED A MEETING WITH A MAN NAMED JIMEREUX.


SO?
I OFFERED HIM A BONUS OF 150,000,000 FRANCS IN EXCHANGE FOR HIS MANAGERIAL TALENTS. ALL HE HAS TO DO IS TO ORGANIZE A SYSTEM PERMITTING OUR LITTLE TOWN TO FUNCTION PRACTICALLY AND SELF-SUFFICIENTLY FOR THE NEXT TWO YEARS. HE WAS A BIT WARY AT FIRST, BUT HE ACCEPTED, OF COURSE

BELIEVE ME, EVERYTHING WILL WORK OUT. TELL ME ABOUT THIS GUY I WILL BE MEETING TOMORROW, THIS MONTMERAIE, WHO TAKES CARE OF OUR FURNITURE BRANCH.


PFF. HE'S A YOUNG SNOB, MADEMOISELLE. BUT, ODDLY ENOUGH, HE'S FROM AN UNDERLING FAMILY- WHY, HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW HOW TO SERVE HIMSELF FROM A FISH PLATTER. IT APPEARS HE HAS HIGH STANDARDS FOR HIMSELF. WHETHER HE FULFILLS THEM OR NOT. WELL, I GUESS THAT'S BETWEEN HIM AND THE FISH PLATTER.
INTERESTING! WELL, I BELIEVE I SHOULD BE ABLE TO HIT A NERVE OF HIS, TOO.


TUESDAY AT TOURCOING
WOULD YOU TWO LEAVE US ALONE FOR A MOMENT?
BUT MADEMOISELLE, THIS HORRIBLE INDUSTRIAL SUBURB IS HARDLY THE PLACE
CAFE
BAR

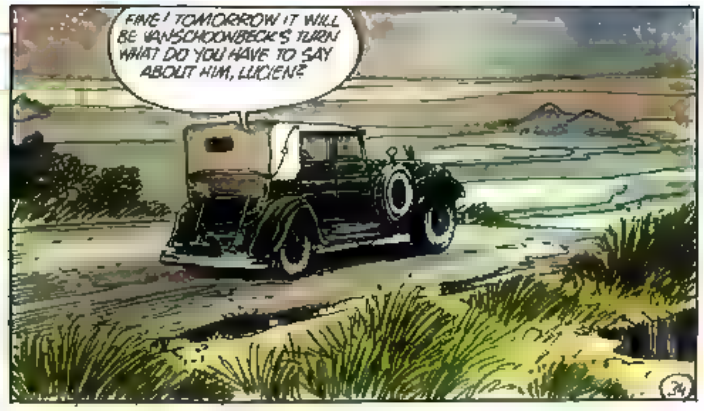

THEY TOLD ME THAT YOU HAVE GOOD TASTE, AND THAT YOU KNOW WHAT YOU WANT, SO LISTEN CAREFULLY.
I'M GOING TO GRAB A CUP OF COFFEE THE WEATHER IS REALLY LOUSY!
IF IT PLEASES YOU TO GROVEL WITH THE LOW LIFE, GO AHEAD!

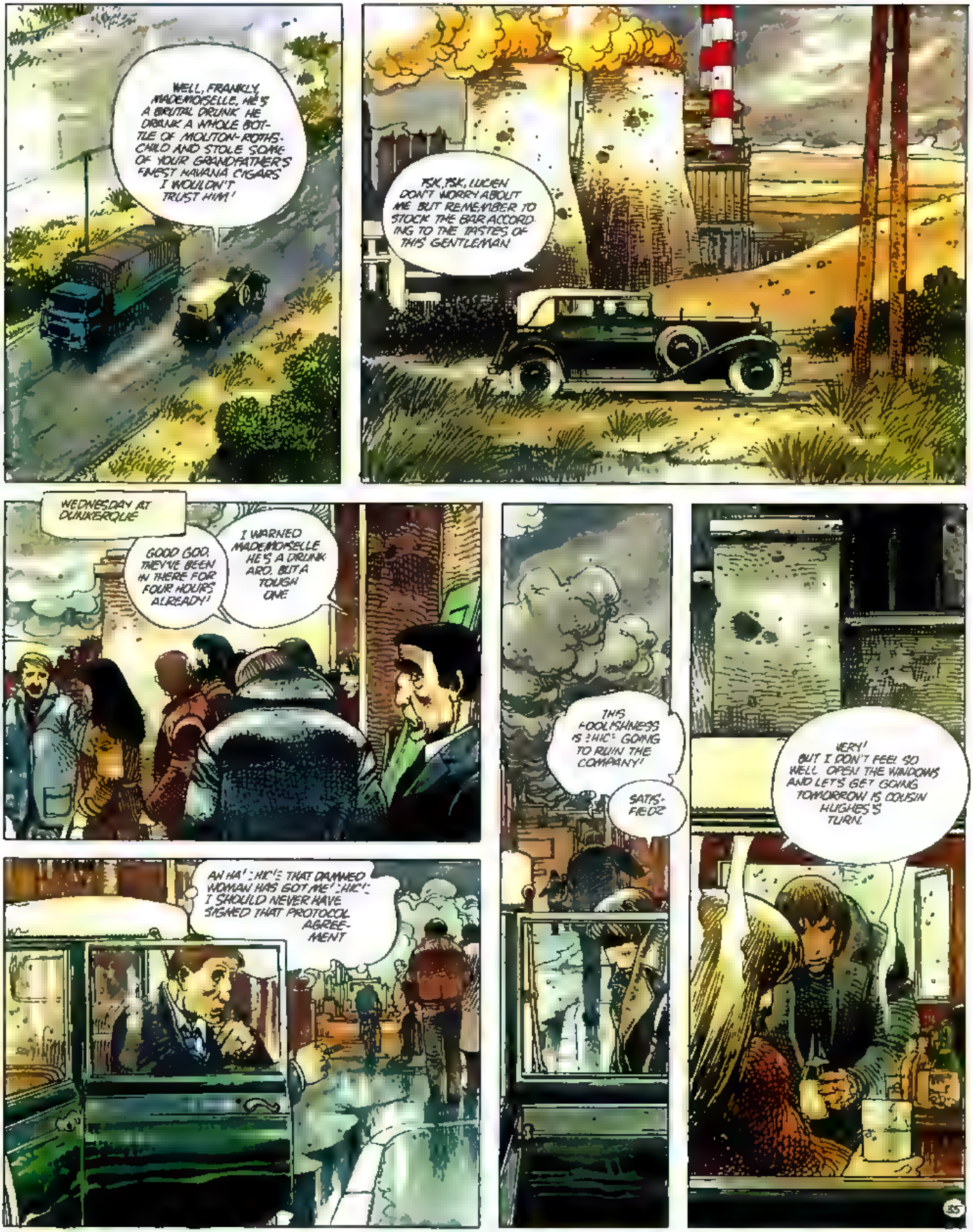
A DOUBLE CHIVAS! ON THE ROCKS!
A WHAT?

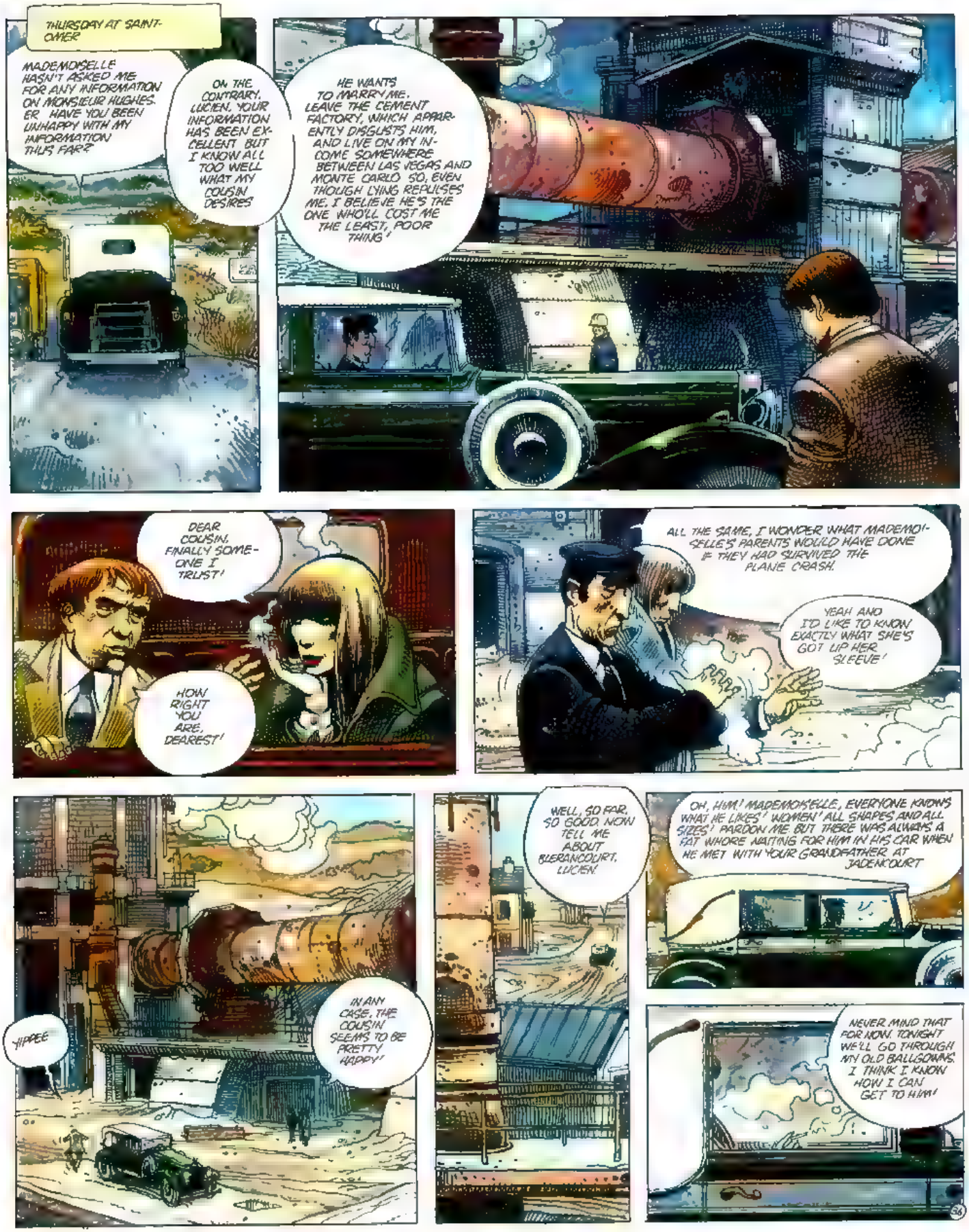
ERR, GIN WILL SUFFICE!
OH WELL, THAT I KNOW!

DO YOU BELIEVE IT? SHE'S OFFERING ME THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PROPERTY THAT THE HANNARD FAMILY OWNS- THE BOIS JOLI CHATEAU, A LITTLE MARVEL FROM THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY
IN EXCHANGE FOR WHAT?

WELL IN FACT THERE IS NO REAL EXCHANGE! I SIMPLY HAVE TO RECONSTRUCT THE PRODUCTION FROM TOP TO BOTTOM FOR A FEW MONTHS AND I HAVE CARTE BLANCHE TO CALL ON THE BEST DESIGNERS. IT'S A TERRIBLY EXCITING PROPOSITION!


FINE! TOMORROW IT WILL BE VANSCHOONBEECK'S TURN. WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY ABOUT HIM, LUCIEN?
24


WELL, FRANKLY, MADEMOISELLE, HE'S A BRUTAL DRUNK HE DRUNK A WHOLE BOTTLE OF MOUTON-ROTHSCHILD AND STOLE SOME OF YOUR GRANDFATHER'S FINEST HAVANA CIGARS I WOULDN'T TRUST HIM!
TSK, TSK, LUCIEN DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME BUT REMEMBER TO STOCK THE BAR ACCORDING TO THE TASTES OF THIS GENTLEMAN
WEDNESDAY AT DUNKERQUE
GOOD GOD, THEY'VE BEEN IN THERE FOR FOUR HOURS ALREADY!
I WARNED MADEMOISELLE HE'S A DRUNKARD, BUT A TOUGH ONE
THIS FOOLISHNESS IS :HIC: GOING TO RUIN THE COMPANY!
SATISFIED?
VERY! BUT I DON'T FEEL SO WELL OPEN THE WINDOWS AND LET'S GET GOING TOMORROW IS COUSIN HUGHES'S TURN.
AH HA! :HIC: THAT DAMNED WOMAN HAS GOT ME! :HIC!: I SHOULD NEVER HAVE SIGNED THAT PROTOCOL AGREEMENT
55


THURSDAY AT SAINT-OMER
MADEMOISELLE HASN'T ASKED ME FOR ANY INFORMATION ON MONSIEUR HUGHES. ER HAVE YOU BEEN UNHAPPY WITH MY INFORMATION THUS FAR?
ON THE CONTRARY, LUCIEN. YOUR INFORMATION HAS BEEN EXCELLENT BUT I KNOW ALL TOO WELL WHAT MY COUSIN DESIRES
HE WANTS TO MARRY ME. LEAVE THE CEMENT FACTORY, WHICH APPARENTLY DISGUSTS HIM, AND LIVE ON MY INCOME SOMEWHERE BETWEEN LAS VEGAS AND MONTE CARLO. SO, EVEN THOUGH LYING REPULSES ME, I BELIEVE HE'S THE ONE WHO'LL COST ME THE LEAST, POOR THING!
DEAR COUSIN, FINALLY SOMEONE I TRUST!
HOW RIGHT YOU ARE, DEAREST!
ALL THE SAME, I WONDER WHAT MADEMOISELLE'S PARENTS WOULD HAVE DONE IF THEY HAD SURVIVED THE PLANE CRASH.
YEAH AND I'D LIKE TO KNOW EXACTLY WHAT SHE'S GOT UP HER SLEEVE!
YIPEE
IN ANY CASE, THE COUSIN SEEMS TO BE PRETTY HAPPY!
WELL, SO FAR, SO GOOD. NOW TELL ME ABOUT BLERANCOURT, LUCIEN!
OH, HIM! MADEMOISELLE, EVERYONE KNOWS WHAT HE LIKES! WOMEN! ALL SHAPES AND ALL SIZES! PARDON ME, BUT THERE WAS ALWAYS A FAT WHORE WAITING FOR HIM IN HIS CAR WHEN HE MET WITH YOUR GRANDFATHER AT JADENCOURT
NEVER MIND THAT FOR NOW. TONIGHT WE'LL GO THROUGH MY OLD BALLGOWNS. I THINK I KNOW HOW I CAN GET TO HIM!
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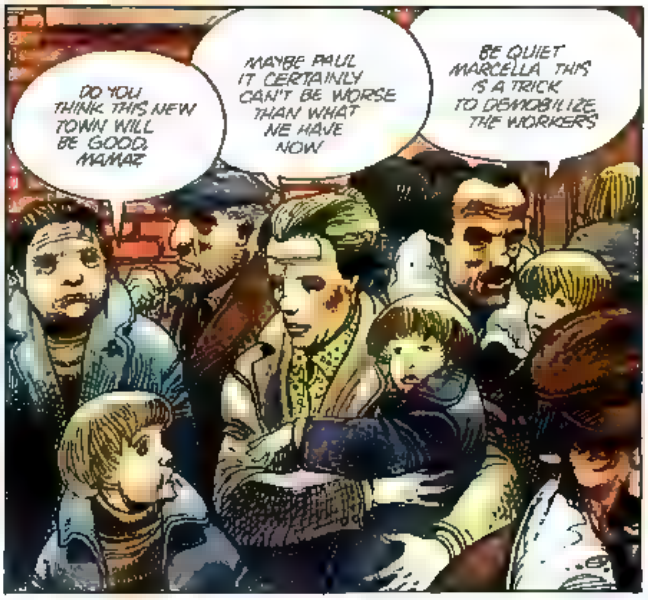
FRIDAY AT LILLE
SHE WANTS ME TO GO DOWNSTAIRS? I'M NOT A LACKEY, HERE TO SATISFY THE WHIMS OF THAT SKINNY CRIPPLE!
HMMMM.. LACKEY LACKEY WHAT DOES THAT WORD MEAN?
COME IN, BLERANCOURT I HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!
HUH?
DARE I ADMIT THAT MADEMOISELLE HAS SHOCKED ME? MUST WE WAIT HOURS UPON HOURS IN THESE DECREPIT NEIGHBORHOODS? A JOB IS A JOB. BUT REALLY!
AH, YOU ARE A MISCHIEF-MAKER, LUCIEN HERE IT IS ONLY FIFTEEN MINUTES HAVE PASSED, AND HE'S ALREADY LEAVING
MMMM, OUR FRIEND SEEMS A BIT ANXIOUS. BUT I HAVE A FEELING THE REAL ESTATE COMPANY IS UNDER CONTROL, TOO.
SO?
VICTORY, BARELY, BUT VICTORY ALL THE SAME! BECAUSE YOU SEE, LUCIEN, FOR THE FIRST TIME, YOUR INFORMATION WAS SLIGHTLY ERRONEOUS. OUR DEAR MONSIEUR BLERANCOURT APPARENTLY PREFERS TRANSVESTITES TO REAL WOMEN!
WHAT A WORLD, MADEMOISELLE, WHAT A WORLD!
YOU DIDN'T BLACKMAIL HIM, DID YOU?
NO. REST ASSURED. BUT SOME OF HIS SEXUAL EXTRAVAGANCES SEEM TO HAVE COST HIM QUITE A BIT. I PROMISED TO ABSORB AN IMPRESSIVE COLLECTION OF DEBTS IN RETURN, OBVIOUSLY, FOR THE TOTAL CONTROL OF HIS COMPANY.
OKAY LUCIEN. THE ONLY THING LEFT FOR YOU TO TAKE CARE OF IS TO CONFIRM WITH WILCOX THAT I WILL BE WAITING FOR HIM TOMORROW, AS AGREED.

AND FINALLY, SATURDAY AT JADENCOURT
MADEMOISELLE, I'M SURE YOU HAVE YOUR REASONS, BUT THE METHODS YOU HAVE USED TO INDUCE THESE MEN IS QUESTIONABLE
YES I KNOW THAT, WILCOX BUT WITH YOU, I'LL PUT MY CARDS ON THE TABLE HAVE A SEAT!
BUT WHAT ARE YOU STRIVING FOR? YOUR IRRESPONSIBLE ACTIONS HAVE PUT THE VERY EXISTENCE OF THE COMPANY IN JEOPARDY.
NOT AT ALL, WILCOX! WHAT I HAVE DECIDED TO DO IS REALLY QUITE SIMPLE. I AM GOING TO CONSTRUCT AN IDEAL CITY WHICH WILL HOUSE ALL OF THE PEOPLE OF JADENCOURT. THIS WILL FINALLY ALLOW THEM TO EXPERIENCE THE GOOD LIFE
WHAT?
THIS MEANS THAT THE WHOLE COMPANY MUST BE REORGANIZED. WE MUST HAVE SINCERE, HARDWORKING PEOPLE BEHIND THIS PROJECT
WHAT YOU HAVE SUGGESTED IS PREPOSTEROUS! YOU'RE DREAMING!
WHY, YES! OF COURSE I'M DREAMING! ONE MUST ALWAYS DREAM IN ORDER TO MAKE UTOPIA A REALITY AND WHAT I EXPECT FROM YOU
DON'T EXPECT ANYTHING FROM ME FOR SUCH A FOOLHARDY PROJECT!
WHAT I EXPECT FROM YOU, IS FOR YOU TO COORDINATE THE PROJECT. THE NEW JADENCOURT CAN AND MUST EXIST IN ONE YEAR. THEN...
THEN WITH ALL YOUR CHILDISH SPENDING, THE HANNARD COMPANY WILL BE FINISHED.
YES. BUT ONLY BECAUSE I WILL MAKE YOU A MAJOR STOCKHOLDER AND KEEP ONLY THE DIVIDENDS NECESSARY TO KEEP THE CITY ALIVE.
THIS WILL, OF COURSE, INGRATIATE THE TOWNSPEOPLE TO OUR GROUP, THE WILLOX GROUP, THAT IS.
VERY GOOD. I SEE THAT I CAN COUNT ON YOU FOR TOMORROW. I WILL BE MAKING MY PLANS PUBLIC TOMORROW AFTERNOON.

AND ON SUNDAY, WITH THE BITTER WIND GUSTING THROUGH THE LITTLE TOWN,
MAIRIE
THERE NOW YOU KNOW WHAT I HAVE PROPOSED TO DO.

THE TOWN COUNCIL IS GOING TO MEET IN ORDER TO STUDY THESE OFFERS. ARE THERE ANY QUESTIONS?


DO YOU THINK THIS NEW TOWN WILL BE GOOD, MAMAZ
MAYBE PAUL IT CERTAINLY CAN'T BE WORSE THAN WHAT WE HAVE NOW
BE QUIET MARCELLA THIS IS A TRICK TO DEMOBILIZE THE WORKERS

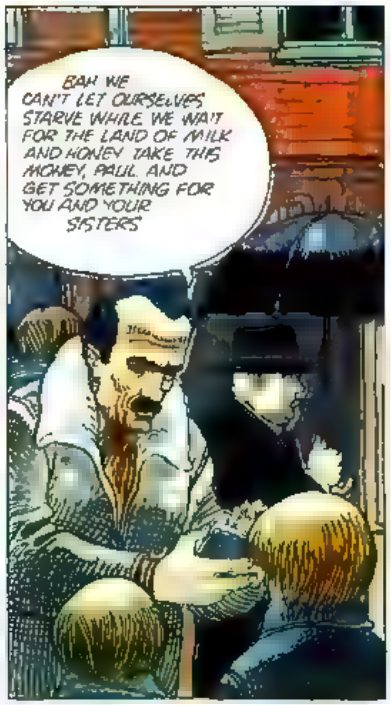
WE'LL HAVE TO DISCUSS THIS LATER LUNCH?
YES, YES, WE MUST ALSO DISCUSS THE PLACE MENT OF THE PRESENT BOARD OF GOVERNORS.

WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT IT LOULOU?
I DON'T KNOW TOO MUCH ABOUT THIS STUFF, BUT IF SHE HAS ACCEPTED CERTAIN FORMS OF SELF-MANAGEMENT THEN PERHAPS IT'S WORTH A TRY

WELL, DON'T COUNT ON US TO PLAY THESE DIDTIC GAMES!
HEY! EASY, GEORGE! WE'VE ALL BEEN THROUGH SOME PRETTY ROUGH TIMES TOGETHER. MAYBE HER PROPOSAL ISN'T SUCH A BAD IDEA AFTER ALL
THIS IS ALL A BIG JOKE ISN'T IT?

YEAH, I'M ALL FOR TALKING TO THIS HANNARD LADY ABOUT THE IDEA!
WE MUST HAVE GUARANTEES.
WELL, WE'RE GOING TO THE TOWN HALL.
YEAH US, TOO.

YOU GUYS ARE CRAZY! FIRST OF ALL, THERE'S NO WAY THE UNION WILL GIVE US THE GREEN LIGHT FOR A VENTURE LIKE THIS, AND DO YOU REALLY THINK THAT THAT SOCIETY DAME TRULY WANTS TO COLLABORATE WITH US? THE MEETING OF THE CLASSES HAS NEVER WORKED AND IT WILL NOT WORK NOW. AND EVEN IF WE DO LIVE IN SO-CALLED LUXURY, WE'LL STILL BE THE WORKERS AND SHE'LL REMAIN THE BOSS.
NOT NECESSARILY! EVERYTHING WILL DEPEND ON WHAT HAPPENS WITH THIS TOWN.


BAH WE CAN'T LET OURSELVES STARVE WHILE WE WAIT FOR THE LAND OF MILK AND HONEY. TAKE THIS MONEY, PAUL. AND GET SOMETHING FOR YOU AND YOUR SISTERS

ARE YOU GOING TO FIGHT, LOULOU?
YEAH ARE YOU? WE CAN'T COUNT ON THE FAT CATS OF THE TOWN COUNCIL TO DO OUR BIDDING FOR US!
NOR ON THE LAZY SCABS WHO HAVE ALMOST RUINED OUR STRIKE WITH THEIR COWARDICE
I'M JOINING YOU. WE'LL TAKE A RISK, BUT WE'LL REMAIN FIRM ON OUR IDEALS! OKAY?
40

TO BE CONTINUED.

I'M AGE

I HEARD IT FROM A FINE MAN.
SO MY BODY WILL FOREVER REMAIN IMAGINED.
ummm

EAT YOUR HEART OUT.

" IT'S MORE INTERESTING TO LIVE NOT KNOWING THAN TO HAVE AN ANSWER THAT MIGHT BE WRONG. "
©1985 JEFFREY JONES

PEACE
by Caza

IT WAS DURING THE TIME OF THE GREAT DEPARTURE STEEL AND CEMENT MELTED FROM THE HEAT.
THE RATS LEFT THE SHIP IN COUPLES OR ALONE CARRYING ONLY WHAT THEY HAD ON THEIR BACKS, THEY FLED.
STRAIGHT FOR NOWHERE

DARE ANYONE LOOK FROM WHENCE THEY CAME THEY TURNED INTO A STATUE OF SALT

I STOPPED THERE

I STOPPED MOVING, FOR GOOD.

STRENGTH AND MIGHT CHURNED INSIDE OF ME. I FLOURISHED.

EFFORTLESSLY MY FEW POSSESSIONS FLEW FROM ME. CARRIED BY THE WIND

I KEPT ONLY ONE THING—MY AXE.

2

NOTHING MUCH TO DO EXCEPT TO PRUNE MYSELF FROM TIME TO TIME THE BRAMBLES. THE SHOOTS, THE PARASITIC IVY, ANYTHING THAT COULD POSSIBLY SUFFOCATE ME, HAD TO GO. NOTHING COULD BLOCK MY VIEW OR PREVENT ME FROM GROWING

IT WAS RESTFUL, IT WAS PEACE. PEACE. NEVER TROUBLED BY WORLDLY EVENTS IT WAS PEACE IN AUTUMN, MY LEAVES FELL AND I WAITED FOR AND FEARED

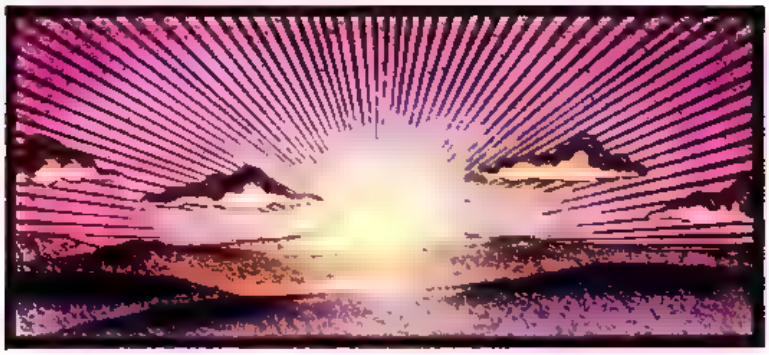
A SHREW MOUSE INTERWOVE ITSELF THROUGH MY ROOTS

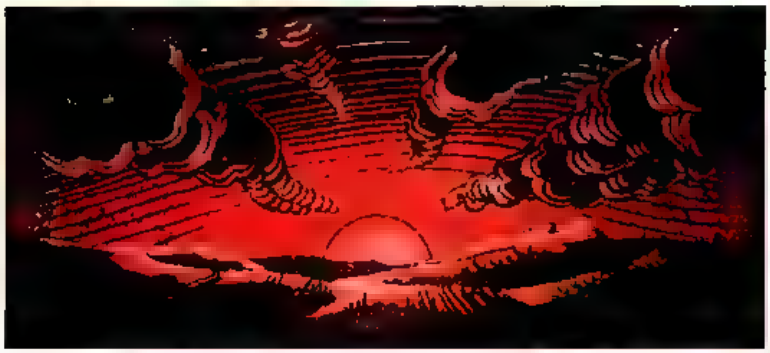
THE LONG SLEEP OF WINTER

A BIRD VISITED ME AFTER A LONG MIGRATION TO REST HIS WINGS BEFORE HE TOOK FLIGHT ONCE AGAIN

THEN I WAITED AGAIN FOR ANOTHER SEASONAL CHANGE FIRST THE BIRDS THEN THE SPROUTING OF GREENERY AND THEN THE PAINFUL ECSTASY OF WAKING UP

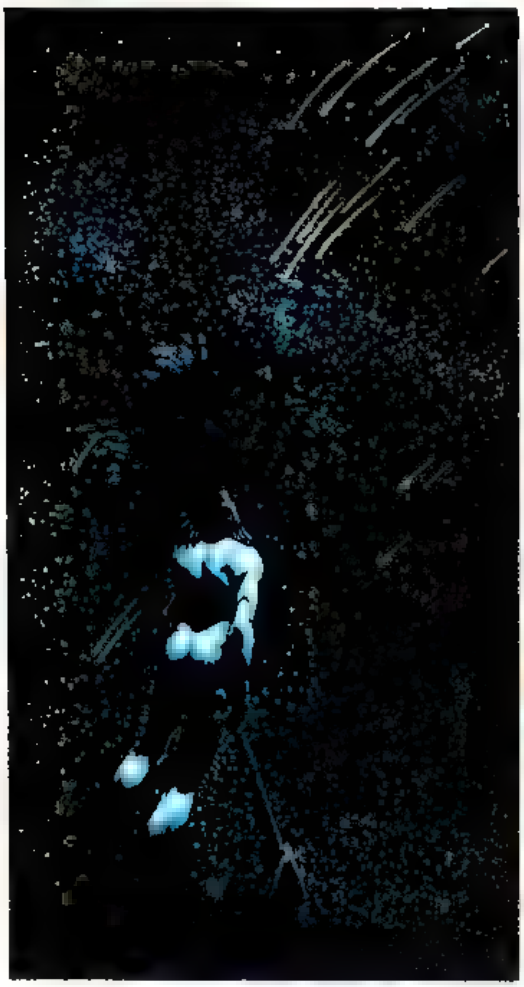
AND EVERY MORNING THIS

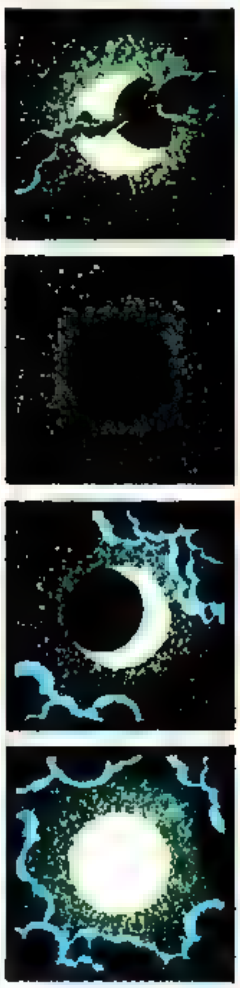




ONE NIGHT, AUGUST 256 SHOOTING STARS FLED PAST MY P.O.

AND OF COURSE THE MOON ALWAYS RE-INTRODUCED ITSELF EACH NIGHT





AND, AH, THE SUMMER! THE SUN!

4

AND AGAIN PEACE!

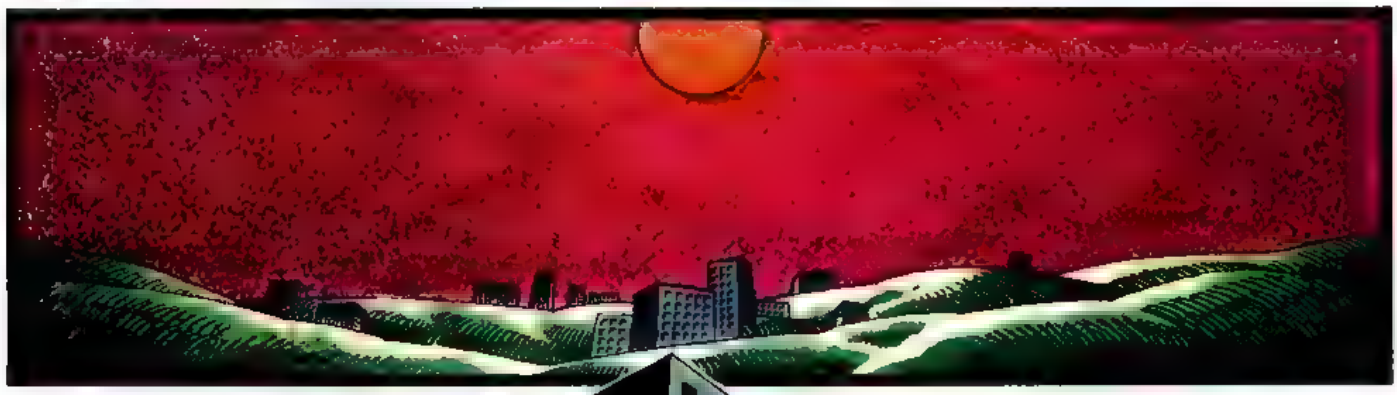
5

I WAS PLEASED WITH MY PLACE IN THE GROUND, AND I WOULD HAVE CONTINUED IN THOROUGH CONTENTMENT BUT

ONE DAY ONE MORNING

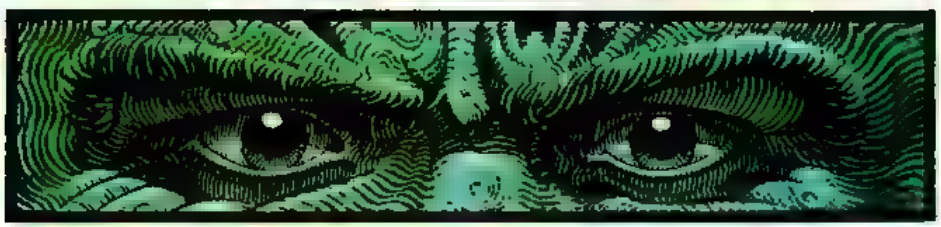
A SLOW THREAT WAS UPON ME, A RUMOR WHICH NOW WAS AMPLIFIED

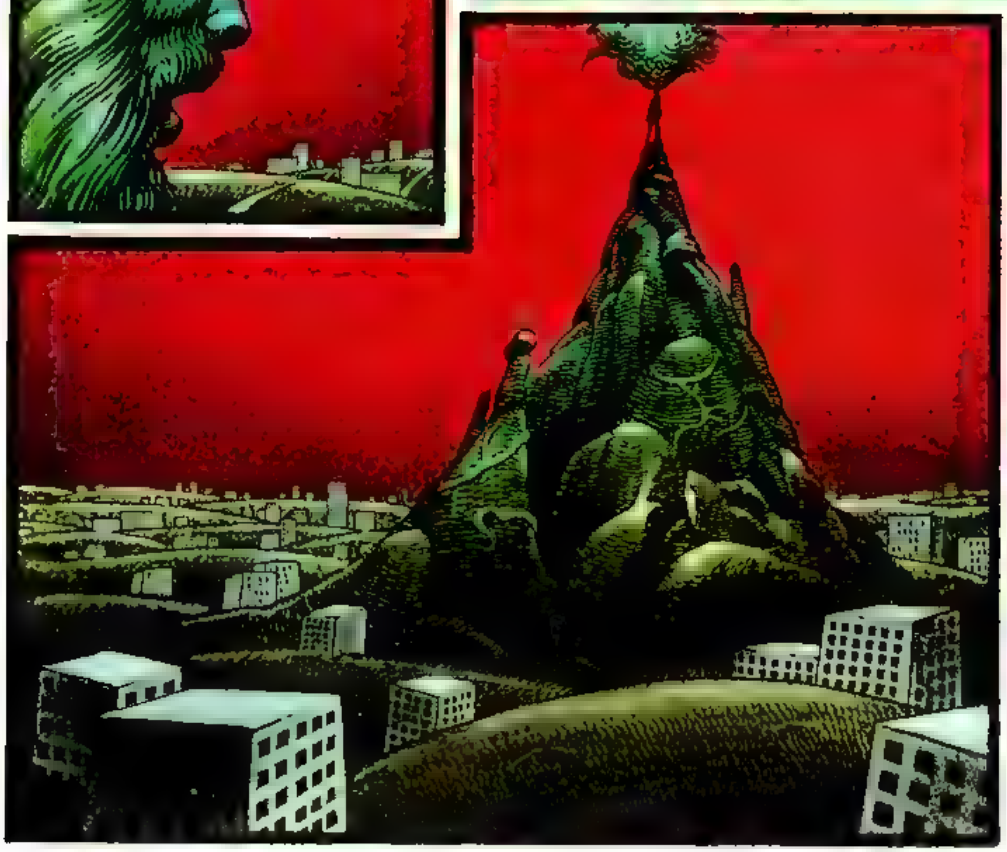
THEY CAME HEAVILY INEXORABLY



THEY HAVE COME.

THEY ARE HERE NOW. THE VESSEL-BLOCKS. THE HOUSE MACHINES. THE BLINDING CUBES. THE ARMIES OF STEEL AND CONCRETE.





THEY MUST HAVE SURROUNDED ME AS I WAS SLEEPING. ALREADY THE VISE IS CLOSING. SOON THE TIME WILL COME WHEN THEY GET TOO CLOSE AND ATTACK MY ROCK.

BUT I STILL HAVE MY AXE!

SO, WITH MY OWN HAND, I CUT MY LIMBS AND I CUT MY ROOTS

AND PROCEED DOWN THE MOUNTAIN

BUT I WILL RETURN TO MY PLACE AND EVEN THOUGH I WON'T LOOK BACK, I KNOW THAT I HAVE LEFT A TRAIL OF BLOOD BEHIND ME

END

HM INTERVIEW:

DAN O'BANNON

BY MICHAEL TOLKIN

Dark Star: a rotting spaceship on a pointless mission, blowing up unstable stars in remote corners of the galaxy. Light years from Earth, their commanding officer frozen in a cryogenic tank, the crew's only relief from boredom is annihilating suns. Only one of the crew has the semblance of his wits remaining. Pinback, the hapless launch technician who was caught on board by accident. It is his job to feed the alien, which is a sort of giggling beach ball with webbed claws. Pinback was played to disgruntled perfection by Dan O'Bannon, who made the film over four years in the early seventies with his USC Cinema classmate, John (Assault on Precinct Thirteen) Carpenter.

Dark Star *is everything an independent film should be—it incorporates its limited production values, a fifty thousand dollar budget, into the content and narrative of the film; like the sets, the crew barely holds together. Without having to follow some studio's dictum of "one film, one attitude," Dark Star takes its own time to tell the story, and is appropriately tragic, silly, and grand—and even, at the end, all three, when everybody dies. It was everything a film should be, except successful at the box office.*

O'Bannon confirmed what I had glumly suspected when I first saw Dark Star long after its initial 1974 release—after I'd already seen Carpenter's Halloween *and O'Bannon's* **Alien**—*that failing to find an audience with the complex jumble of mood and speculation in their first effort, their later work has been, in some ways, a process of revenge. If the culture industry has more than a passing effect on consciousness, it isn't now actually the definition of consciousness, might not things be different today if* Dark Star *had made enough money to encourage O'Bannon and Carpenter to pursue their original impulses? Whatever value* Halloween *has, or however stunning* Alien *is, the relentless deluge of splatter films in the last few years can't have done anyone much good.* Dark Star *was a work of imagination and compassion, and if the follow-the-leaders who make movies had been challenged to imitate* Dark Star, *maybe God would be president now.*

It not God . . . then . . . oh . . . let's meet Dan O'Bannon.

A quick bio, because he explains himself pretty well. He was born in 1946, in St. Louis. His father, who "should've been a writer," was an "old Yankee con man mediator" and for the years they lived in a trailer driving through Mexico and the United States, his father worked as a carpenter when he needed to. After the family settled in the Ozarks, O'Bannon went to high school in St. Louis, then various colleges, ending up at USC. He wrote Alien *with Ronald Shusett, this summer's* **Blue Thunder** *with Dan Jakoby. A few more scripts are ready, and adaptations of two Philip K. Dick stories, "I Can Remember It for You Wholesale" and "Second Variety," are making the rounds.*

O'Bannon lives in a three bedroom house in Santa Monica. He looks like the last man in Hollywood who doesn't exercise. His speech is formal, precise, and flat. None of his answers are short.

—Michael Tolkin

HM: Between *Dark Star* and *Alien*, or between *Dark Star* and *Halloween*, there seems to be something vengeful about the leap from comedy and affection for all the characters to terror for its own sake.

DO'B: I was not in an affectionate frame of mind when I wrote *Alien*. I was in a foul frame of mind, things had gone very bad after *Dark Star*. By the time I wrote *Alien* I was worse off than I ever had been in my whole life. I was living in a place where the rent was thirty-five dollars a month—I was nine months behind on it and eating on food stamps. I knew I had to do something that would get me out of that financial bind. I was determined to do a script that someone would make. That someone would buy. We'd made a comedy. Nobody laughed. Nobody wanted to release it. The public didn't go to see it. It was just a trauma. And so, at the time I said . . . forget it. Never again. If I can't make them laugh, maybe I can make them scream. I was able to.

Now, I can't answer for John (Carpenter) because he made some kind of fundamental life decision when we finished *Dark Star*, and he went charging off in a different direction. He just changed his mind about everything that he ever believed in in the years that I knew him. He terminated his relationship with me in a very callous fashion, professionally and personally. He ran off and got himself an agent and started making money for himself pretty fast. His movies started coming out, and I saw them, and they didn't seem to embody any of the principles we used to talk about. I still don't know how he chooses to make the movies he does. There are two different approaches to horror films: the Sadistic Horror Movie and the Masochistic Horror Movie. In the Sadistic Horror Movie the audience is invited to physically enjoy the suffering and deaths of the human characters, it's invited to identify with the murdering monster. In the Masochistic Horror Movie the audience is invited to empathize with the human victims, and to feel horror and fear as they are destroyed by an evil monster. I make Masochistic Horror Movies. *Alien* is masochistic. You are not invited to take pleasure at the deaths of the characters. And I couldn't say one way or another about John Carpenter, because I don't feel any sincerity in his horror. When I see films like *Halloween* or *The Thing*, I don't feel that he is genuinely scared of his own monsters.

HM: You're not unhappy with *Dark Star*, are you?

DO'B: I'm not entirely happy. It's a first film, full of mistakes. It's an amateur film. On the other hand, in many ways it's great. It was a labor of love. None of the errors are errors of sloth or bad intentions. We broke our backs on everything. Basically what I learned is that comedy is too delicate. Just about the same things cause the same reactions of fear in virtually every human being. I learned to always have sex in a film; there are no women, no sex, nothing titillating in *Dark Star*. When we tried to get it distributed, they kept saying, "where's the women, where's the sex?" I learned to always do a tightly plotted script instead of something that wanders around. *Dark Star* was originally meant to be a tightly plotted story, but when we expanded it to feature length, we had to shoot a lot more material, and it became episodic. The picture loses narrative thrust. To this day I have never done an episodic script again, and I never will.

O'Bannon as Pinback in *Dark Star*, his 1974 post-filmschool co-production with John Carpenter. Also from *Dark Star* in the ship's cramped cockpit (top left), walking the space plank (bottom left); and Talby (Andreijah Pahich) zombies out (bottom right).

HM: You're writing the second *Heavy Metal* movie. Does that mean it'll have only one story?

DO'B: I'd rather do one story. If I have to do a collection of stories, it will be one story with several chapters disguised as one story, with different art work for each chapter. I will not have discontinuity of character and plot. The first *Heavy Metal* movie was more artwork than it was character and content. And if you stack up the priorities of the elements in a movie which make it popular, they are as follows: story, character, visuals. If you have a strong story and character but lousy visuals, you still have a hit. If you've got strong visuals but lousy story and character, you've got a flop. They just don't apply the standards of story to animation. *Secret of NIMH*? Nah. *Dark Crystal*? There was no story at all. It was pitiful. *Heavy Metal* was the *Fantasia* of modern times—and remember, when *Fantasia* came out, it didn't work either. I wanted to do a mixture of live action and animation—like *Song of the South* or *Mary Poppins*—but it's just too expensive. I'm not proposing to have inferior graphics. We'll make it look flashy.

HM: The plan is for you to co-direct with Al Brodax *(Yellow Submarine)*?

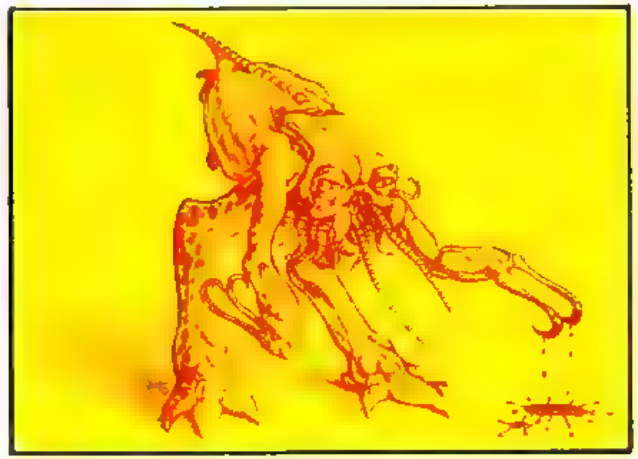
DO'B: He would be tending to the animation. I would attend to the voice, actors, script, and soundtrack.

HM: And the choice of the artists?

DO'B: So far that's in my ballpark.

HM: You've always worked closely with artists.

DO'B: Let me give you my artistic biography. I started drawing pictures when I was a very small child. My parents and others started taking note of it, and I was always told, and always assumed, that when I grew up I would be "a rich and famous artist." Quite what that meant I didn't know in terms of the real world, except that I would draw and make pictures, and I'd be rich and famous for it. Later my parents tried to channel that into commercial art, illustration and the like, and that was what I went to college to study. And it came to me with a ghastly realization that whatever being a rich and famous artist meant, I didn't like the idea of doing seed catalogues and not being paid much for it. I just burst out of it and said, "Nah, this ain't fun."



while he was at it. He had the dog-in-the-manger attitude toward science fiction, that the world at large has no right to read this material, to criticize it, or to create any on their own, because it belongs to us—we, the science fiction fans. Science fiction fans, the ones that are unbalanced, think they own sf, like it's a substance—like cheese—something you can put in a box and lock up.

HM: Why did you give up drawing?

DO'B: I started to work with people like Ron Cobb and Moebius, and whatever they did was so much better than what I could do, and it was just what I wanted. So I just kind of stopped doing it. I'd decided to concentrate on the stuff I could do that nobody else could do, like figure out the story. And I knew I'd just have to get these guys when I needed artwork.

HM: You sought them out?

DO'B: Yes. Back in 1969 I sought out Ron Cobb. I was nothing, he was a cartoonist for the LA *Free Press*. I looked him up and I told him I was a fan. I visited him and saw his science fiction and fantasy paintings, and I thought, "My God!" Ten years later I was able to get him onto *Alien*. I met all these brilliant artists because I stumbled across their work and made a huge effort to get them involved in projects. Instead, I should have been seeking out beautiful women so I could've had a lot of sex. If I'd had sex with as many beautiful women as I've worked with great artists, I'd be Casanova. I have not had sex with Ron Cobb. Don't misunderstand me.

HM: You brought Cobb to *Alien*.

DO'B: He basically did all of the earth ship as modified by Ridley Scott. Without Cobb I don't think that ship would've looked like a ship. Cobb was really designing on the fly, within too many artistic constraints. He'd come up with something good, they'd build it, and then Ridley would come in and say, "Put detail all over it, detail, detail, detail." Ridley's a real good sketch artist himself, and he'd grab a piece of paper and draw over the set sketch so it would look like a wedding cake, or like it had spaghetti all over it. And then Gordon Carroll, the producer, would come to the set and say, "If, in the future, it will take one button to do what a hundred buttons do now, then in *Alien* it takes a hundred buttons to do what

"Science fiction fans, the ones that are unbalanced, think they own sf."

In the meantime I was going to movies all the time with my old man. The first movie I recall seeing was *The Thing*, when I was about four years old. We were visting St. Louis, and my father let me choose between *Pinocchio* and *The Thing*. After much agonizing, I chose *The Thing*. It had a very strong effect on me. I was scared, and I liked it, too. After that we went to movies all the time. On Fridays they ran the horror and scary science fiction movies, and my father and I always went to them. There were very few Hollywood movies that didn't reach there. I saw *Forbidden Planet*, *This Island Earth*, virtually everything. So in spite of living in the Ozarks, like L'il Abner, we had full access to the outside world because of movies. At the same time that I was going to the movies five times a week—and fantasizing about making them—I was also acting, in little productions. People—even when I was a little boy—seemed to enjoy listening to me, reading, or telling a story, or talking. So . . . I was acting, drawing, going to the movies all the time, reading science fiction and fantasy. I read tons of it, but I knew no one else who was an sf fan. The idea of it being a movement of many people being fans was so strange to me.

HM: Do you still draw?

DO'B: No, I gave up drawing years ago. I'll show you my porno drawings. (O'Bannon opens his portfolio.)

HM: (Reading from a bit of text on drawing) "Dear Lois: Hope you and the kids enjoy the vacation, sure is boring here at the office." (The drawing: A beach boy's view of Lois on a beach blanket while they're fucking. The work is delicate and exact.) What magazine is this from?

DO'B: *Finger* Magazine. It's from the early, mid-seventies. They didn't have anything nearly as good when I was a kid. All they had was *Modern Man* Magazine, with the twat brushed out, right? And I

Portrait of the artist as a young squirt. Twelve-year-old Danny O'Bannon proudly displays his art to the readers of the Poplar Bluff, Missouri *Daily American Republic* (top). An early O'Bannon sketch, indicating that a seriously twisted childhood prefigured today's happily warped adult (second from top). A quick portrait of *Alien* co-producer and story collaborator Ronald Shusett, executed by O'Bannon during shooting (second from bottom). Roy Scheider makes a gracious request in *Blue Thunder* (bottom).

grew up looking at brushed-out twat and by the time I saw a picture of a real twat—when I was in high school—I was so accustomed to the Grecian statue, smoothed-out nothing crotch, that the real thing looked disgusting. It took me time to get used to the human body being an organism and not made out of marble. (O'Bannon explores the portfolio, which is in reverse chronological order, back through college newspaper editorial cartoons to ambitious drawings based on images from H.P. Lovecraft.)

I sent some of these to August Derleth, and he wrote back and said they weren't professional. *This* was the creature from (John W. Campbell's) *Who Goes There?* I was just trying to draw what Campbell had described: a blue-skinned, rubbery-face critter with three big red eyes and tentacles around it that was nasty looking. All Derleth sent back was a letter with some very nasty remarks. He accomplished one thing in his life: he preserved the memory of H.P. Lovecraft. But then he decided also to preempt H.P.,

"Moebius said, 'Write me a story I can do.' I wrote 'The Long Tomorrow.'"

one does now." But Ridley knew what he was doing. When he shot it, I looked at it and said, "Oh, if you really want something to look *detailed* in a movie, you have to put *too much* detail on it." I can see in *Blade Runner*, where Ridley didn't have a Cobb around, that occasionally some of his technology and stuff did not look credible.

Giger was the guy responsible for the really strange looking stuff, for the critter and also for the alien craft—which would have been a lot better if the audience had been able to understand that it was an alien spaceship, a derelict. They just thought it was a structure. There was Chris Foss, who worked on an early stage. He did some great designs, but he was fired, and none of 'em were used. Burned my ass. He did some incredible stuff, boy, I wanted to use some of his stuff. I would have given the alien ship to Foss. They gave that to Giger. I just wanted Giger to do the monster. Nevertheless, I'm not going to argue with that.

HM: So you recommended all the artists?

DO'B: There were a couple of exceptions. I didn't actually bring in Moebius. I knew him, I'd worked with him on Jodorowsky's *Dune* back in 1975. Moebius was designing it. I was directing special effects. There was a lull; I was waiting for everyone to finish, and I was walking around giving everyone the nerves, so Moebius said, "Stop bothering us, we haven't finished our work. Write me a story I can do for my comic magazine, *Metal Hurlant*." So I went away and I wrote this thing, "Pete Club, The Long Tomorrow." It was a screenplay, actually, that I'd written some years before. I didn't anticipate doing it in a magazine, which would end up being adapted in any form into a movie. It ended up in one way or another being in both the *Heavy Metal* movie and *Blade Runner*.

HM: Where in *Blade Runner*?

DO'B: The whole bloody thing. Look at it. He didn't

come close enough to being actionable. I don't think there was malicious intent—I don't think they said, "Hey, let's buy Phil Dick's book *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?* as a fraud." I think Ridley read the book and got all excited by it, because it's a good book, and Philip K. Dick, of course, is a genius. But I don't think he appreciated the problems of adapting Phil Dick to the screen—a problem I am acutely aware of, having adapted Phil Dick twice. But I know that Ridley is familiar with "The Long Tomorrow," because he's familiar with all of Moebius's work. And I said, "Oh, he used my idea of it being a Philip Marlowe situation, and he copped more or less the look of the city that Moebius designed." There was nothing Philip Marlowe or Mike Hammeresque about the Phil Dick book; he did all of that—the futuristic trench coats, the seedy office, the voice-over—made it somewhere between *Androids* and "The Long Tomorrow." It depressed me because it was the kind of look I wanted to do and would still like to do, to some extent, with a Pete Club movie.

Philip K. Dick forces you to change something, and in *Blade Runner* they obviously just tripped on Phil Dick and fell down and broke all their ribs. They dumped the story out. They ended up with a shell so thin it was merely a generic similarity. It was just cop in future city chasing androids, kill 'em, bang. After throwing out everything that gave them trouble, that was all they had left. And I won't let Phil Dick do that to me. I would take that idea of his, and I would say, "What is the part of it that I like? I am not going to get rid of it, but I am going to make it make sense." I'd just beat on it with a claw hammer for a while and just twist it, wrench it. I'd come up with another solution. It isn't easy.

HM: We're still somewhere in your artistic biography. How did you come to Hollywood?

DO'B: I was at McMurray College, majoring in psychology. I'd flunked out of Washington University art school, not because I couldn't draw but because I was sort of hippy-ish and distracted. When I turned twenty-one, I said, "This is it, I have to make up my mind now." I had discarded architecture, psychology, commercial art, and the only thing left was movies. It was all I could imagine spending the rest of my life doing—anything else I'd last three months

"I would have gone out and killed somebody to direct a film in film school."

and go mad. I got into USC Cinema and I took it real seriously. I was determined to learn everything. I did, too. I learned everything except how to have the advantage of growing up with rich parents in Beverly Hills and having a fast start in the movie industry.

HM: You've managed.

DO'B: Yeah. But I'm not a director yet. I'm only on the edge. Whereas other friends of mine shot right past me. You can't direct at USC Cinema unless you have the money to buy the film. Unless you have that money in your pocket, you have to edit or photograph or something in another person's film. Whoever has the money in his pocket is going to end up being the director, because he can afford it. And had I known that, that it was going to be like two race cars, one of them starting to accelerate a moment after the other for the rest of my career—because the gap increases forever—I would have gone out and killed somebody to direct a film in film school. Not having directed a film in film school, I wasn't able to call myself a director when I went out into the free world, and so I wasn't able to get any jobs or have anyone consider me for it. The next best thing I could do was write. I got special effects work—I did special effects on *Star Wars*, just writing—suddenly, Bang! I made it with *Alien*. That's the one that snapped through. And I said, well, let's leave the others, they're all routes to directing. After *Alien* I forgot all those other routes. I let go of my Renaissance Man status, but in so doing, at the same time I also relinquished my dilettante status. It's like losing your innocence in your youth and instead gaining maturity and professional status and some larger scale accomplishments.

I sit, and I watch Ridley Scott direct *Alien*, and I look at other films that are visually beautiful, and I wait. I sit with my hands crossed, twiddling my thumbs, waiting until I can get behind the camera, because…well, just because. ●

WHOPPER CHOPPER

This year's celluloid escapism pickings have been pretty slim for those of us with manly male tastes—i.e. sweaty sex and/or spectacular property damage (preferably both)—and intellects that don't cotton to being insulted. As simple and effortless as they might seem, smart action movies are damn hard to make—not least because no one in the movie biz has any reason to believe a film's smart count has any positive effect on its bank account. But this month, dropping *hard* into theaters everywhere, is one mean motherfucker of a helicopter, and one whip-smart piece of entertainment—both called *Blue Thunder*, and both winners.

Upgrade "CHiPs" with a tankful of *Road Warrior* jolt juice, co-script it by Philip K. Dick and Richard Condon, and put the Francis Ford Coppola who did *The Conversation* in the director's chair, and you've got some idea of what *Blue Thunder*'s like. Briefly, the story concerns a near-burnout Viet-vet LAPD chopper pilot (Roy Scheider, at his controlled, icily sarcastic best) called in to field test a new prototype super-copter intended for use by police organizations watching over the world's restive urban-sprawl areas. Equipped with deadly weaponry, next-state-of-the-art surveillance devices, and on-board instant interfacing with every anti-criminal/commie computer bank in the country, Blue Thunder (the copter) is every constitution-shackled cop's wet dream, and every civil-liberties activist's worst nightmare.

Don't think the Man could ever get away with using such a thing in the Land of the Free, you say? Well, how about a little artificially-induced violent unrest to insure pleas from a beleaguered, law-abiding citizenry for martial law? Plausible, eh? Scary, right? You bet your Bill of Rights it is.

Blue Thunder is a classy bit of work from top to bottom. Dan O'Bannon and Don Jakoby's script is tight, sassy, and to the point, masterfully stoking suspense meltdown with incendiary big-government paranoia. What makes the movie, though, is John Badham's merciless, nothing-included-that-doesn't-directly-serve-the-whole-direction. Badham's iron fist is apparent in Frank Morriss and Edward Abrom's editing, which moves the story with well-oiled, Uzi machine-gun rhythm; John Alonzo's cinematography, which jerks you from hovering-insect passive observance to unnerving so-close-it's-in-your-chest-cavity participation; and the performances he's elicited from his actors, all of whom spit their lines with such conviction and reckless humor that it's hard to believe they don't really *mean* everything they say. Best are Malcolm McDowell, as the slimiest fucking rat-bastard you'll ever see, and the late Warren Oates, animating the frustrated, sputtering division chief into something far more than the cliché it could've been in less capable hands.

And while there ain't enough sex (just a bit of playful voyeurism), the culminating aerial chase through downtown Los Angeles contains enough rousing destruction to satisfy all the repressed George Meteskys and Bulgarian terrorists in the world's film audience. After such a mild winter, the prospect of a hot *Blue Thunder* summer makes life seem almost like fun.

—Lou Stathis

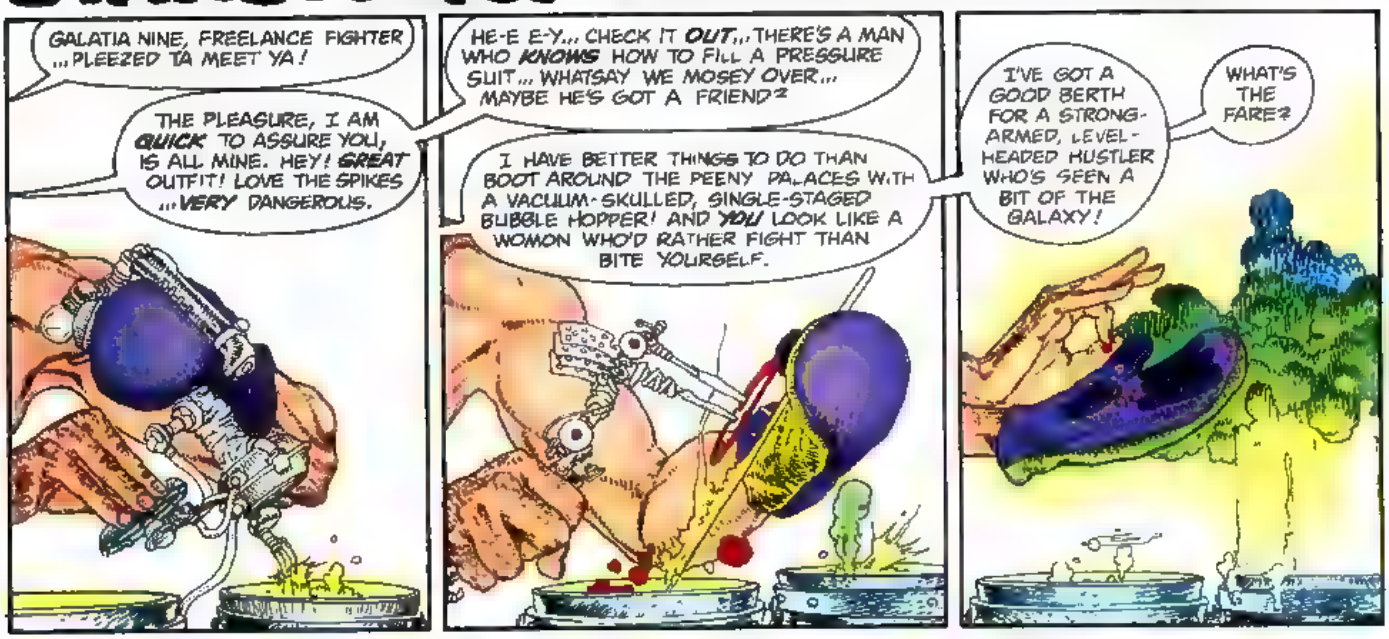
Roy Scheider as Frank Murphy, *Blue Thunder*'s near-burnout maverick helicopter pilot (top). Malcolm McDowell as the greasily despicable Cochrane (middle). Warren Oates, in his last role, as Murphy's boss, Captain Braddock (bottom)

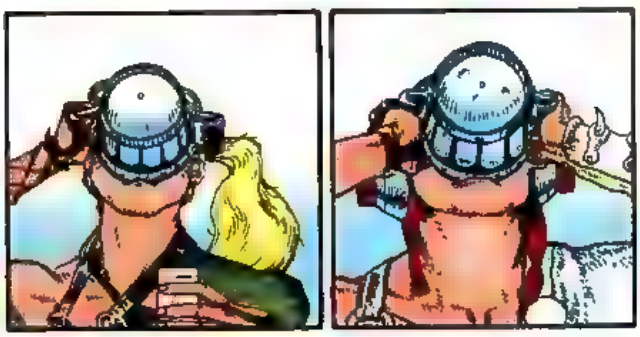
Scheider and the real star of *Blue Thunder*, the meanest machine you've ever seen.

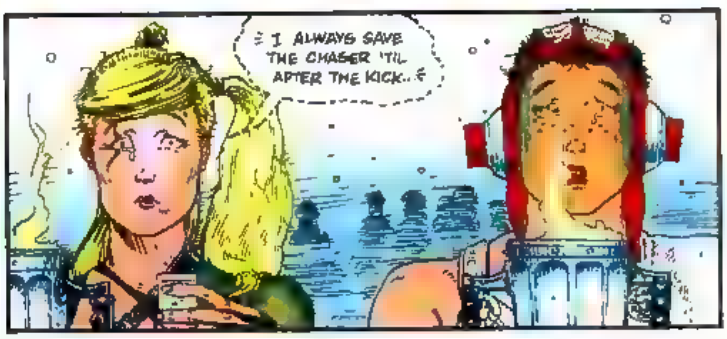
STARSTRUCK

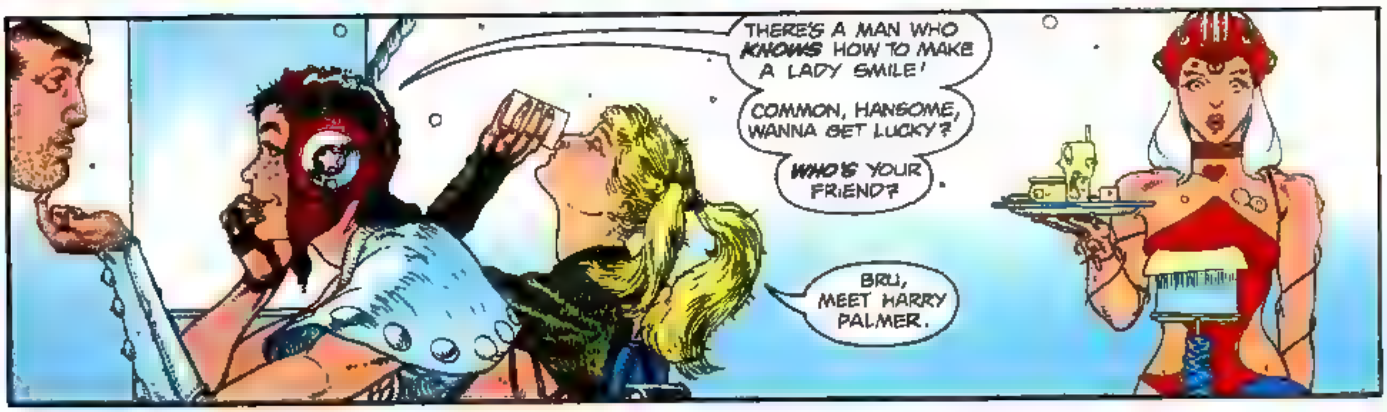
WRITTEN BY *ELAINE LEE* · ILLUSTRATED BY *M. W. KALUTA*
LETTERED BY *TODD KLEIN*

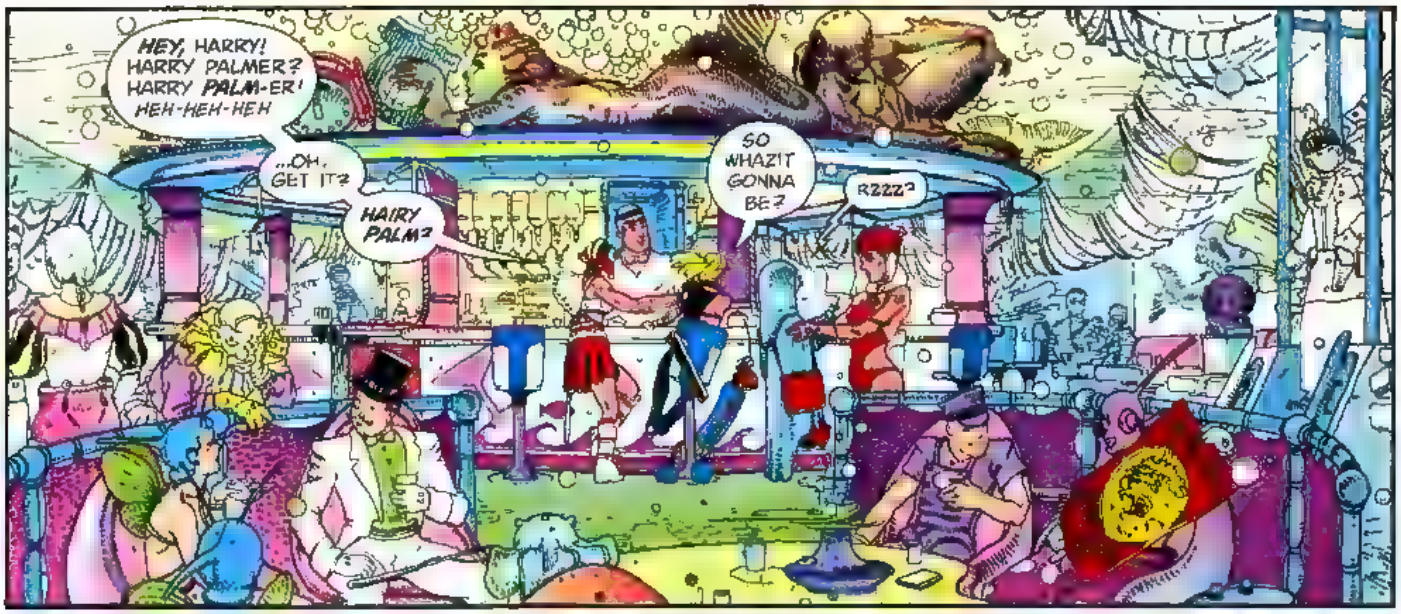
LAST WE READ, BRUCILLA AND GALATIA 9 MET OVER A FEW BREWS AND DECIDED THAT IT WOULD BE THE START OF A BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP

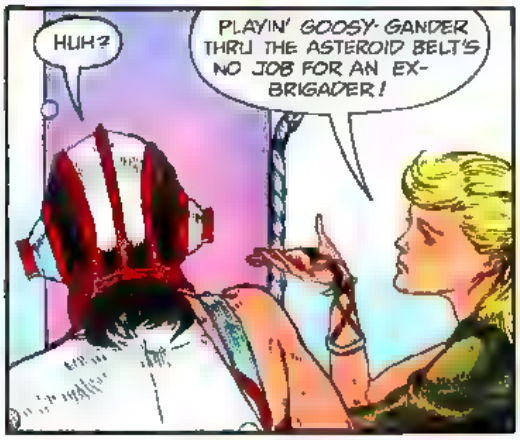

GALATIA NINE, FREELANCE FIGHTER ...PLEEZED TA MEET YA!
THE PLEASURE, I AM *QUICK* TO ASSURE YOU, IS ALL MINE. HEY! *GREAT* OUTFIT! LOVE THE SPIKES ...*VERY* DANGEROUS.
HE-E E-Y... CHECK IT *OUT*... THERE'S A MAN WHO *KNOWS* HOW TO FILL A PRESSURE SUIT... WHATSAY WE MOSEY OVER... MAYBE HE'S GOT A FRIEND?
I HAVE BETTER THINGS TO DO THAN BOOT AROUND THE PEENY PALACES WITH A VACUUM-SKULLED, SINGLE-STAGED BUBBLE HOPPER! AND *YOU* LOOK LIKE A WOMON WHO'D RATHER FIGHT THAN BITE YOURSELF.
I'VE GOT A GOOD BERTH FOR A STRONG-ARMED, LEVEL-HEADED HUSTLER WHO'S SEEN A BIT OF THE GALAXY!
WHAT'S THE FARE?

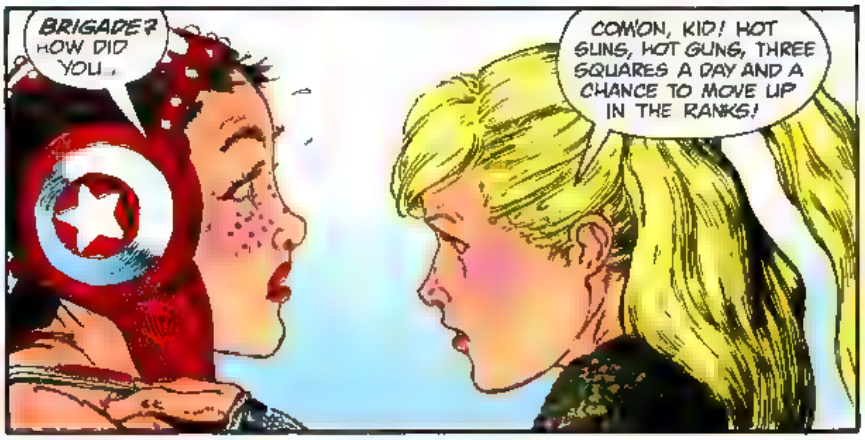


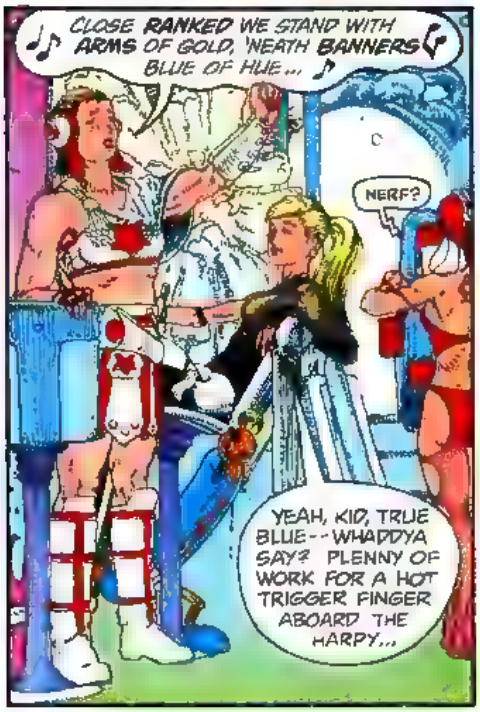




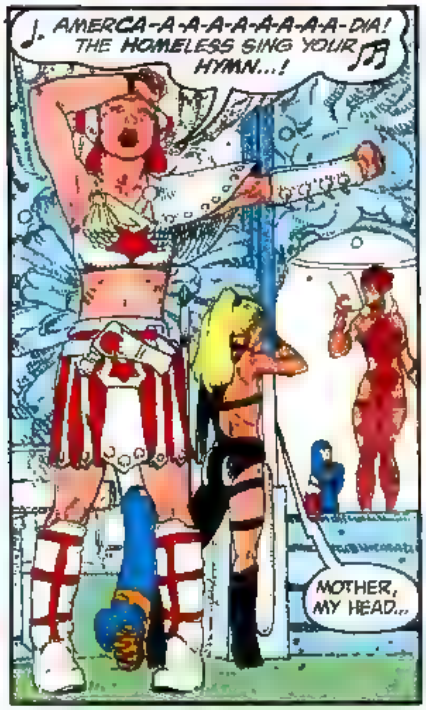

HEY, HARRY! HARRY PALMER? HARRY PALM-ER! HEH-HEH-HEH
...OH, GET IT?
HAIRY PALM?
SO WHAZIT GONNA BE?
RZZZ?


HUH?
PLAYIN' GOOSY-GANDER THRU THE ASTEROID BELT'S NO JOB FOR AN EX-BRIGADER!


BRIGADE? HOW DID YOU...
COM'ON, KID! HOT GUNS, HOT GUNS, THREE SQUARES A DAY AND A CHANCE TO MOVE UP IN THE RANKS!

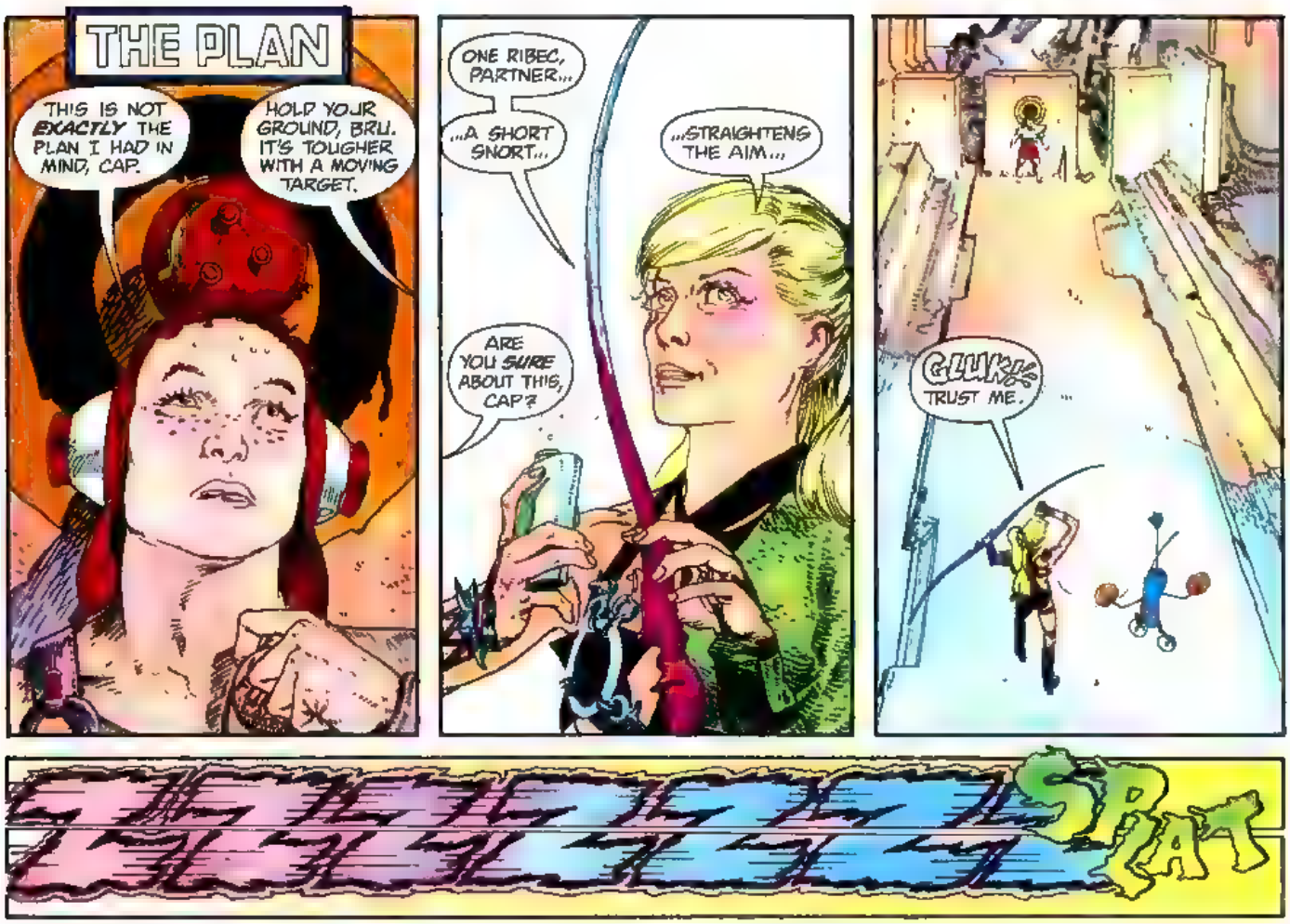

CLOSE RANKED WE STAND WITH ARMS OF GOLD, 'NEATH BANNERS BLUE OF HUE...
NERF?
YEAH, KID, TRUE BLUE--WHADDYA SAY? PLENNY OF WORK FOR A HOT TRIGGER FINGER ABOARD THE HARPY...

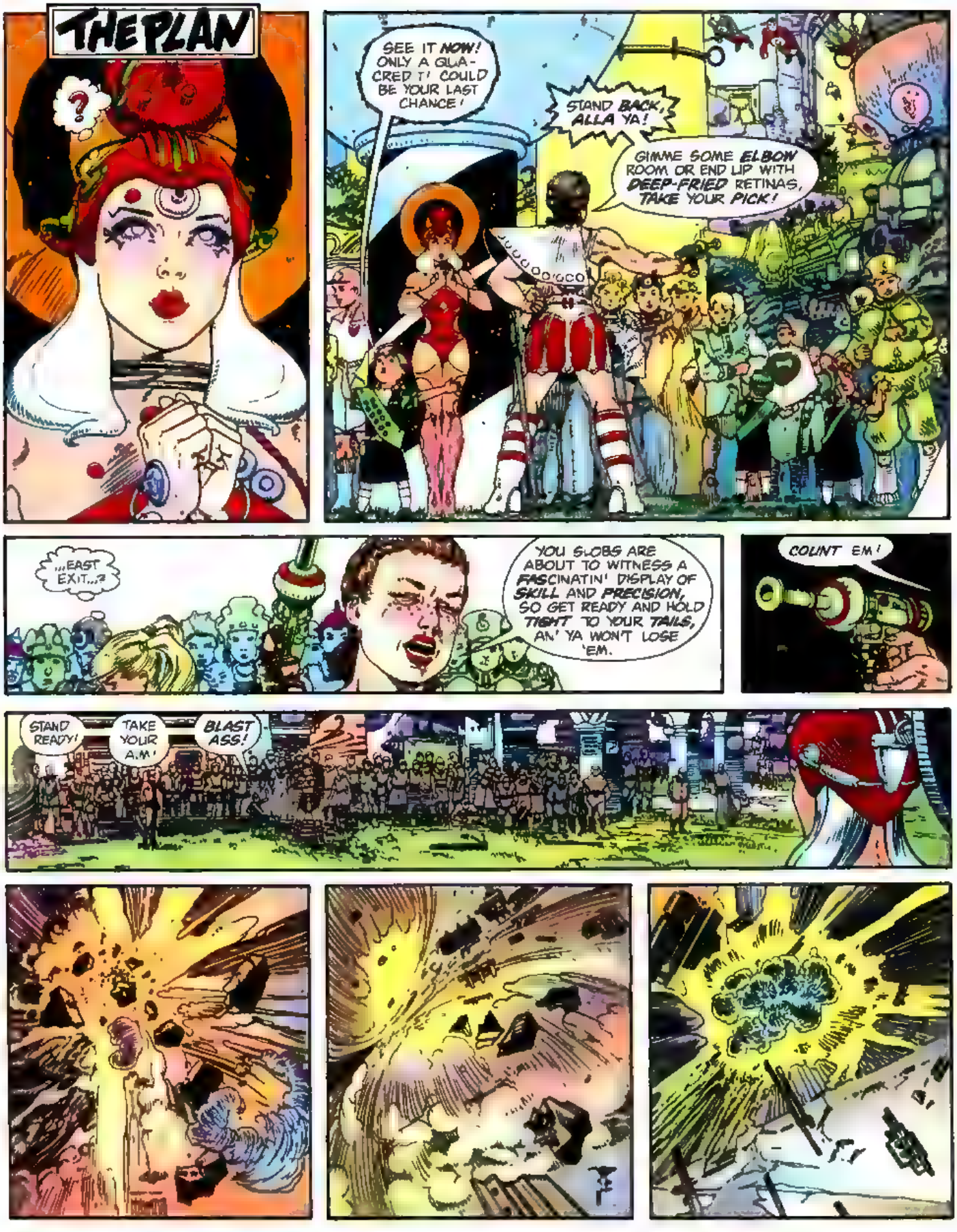
THE CHILDRED OF EARTH'S FINEST MOLD, CLEAR-EYED, BRAVE HEARTS AND TRUE!!
=sniff=
CLEAR-EYED?
I GOTTA GO PAWN A WATCH, HARRY. TAKE CARE OF BRUNHILDA HERE TILL I GET BACK...

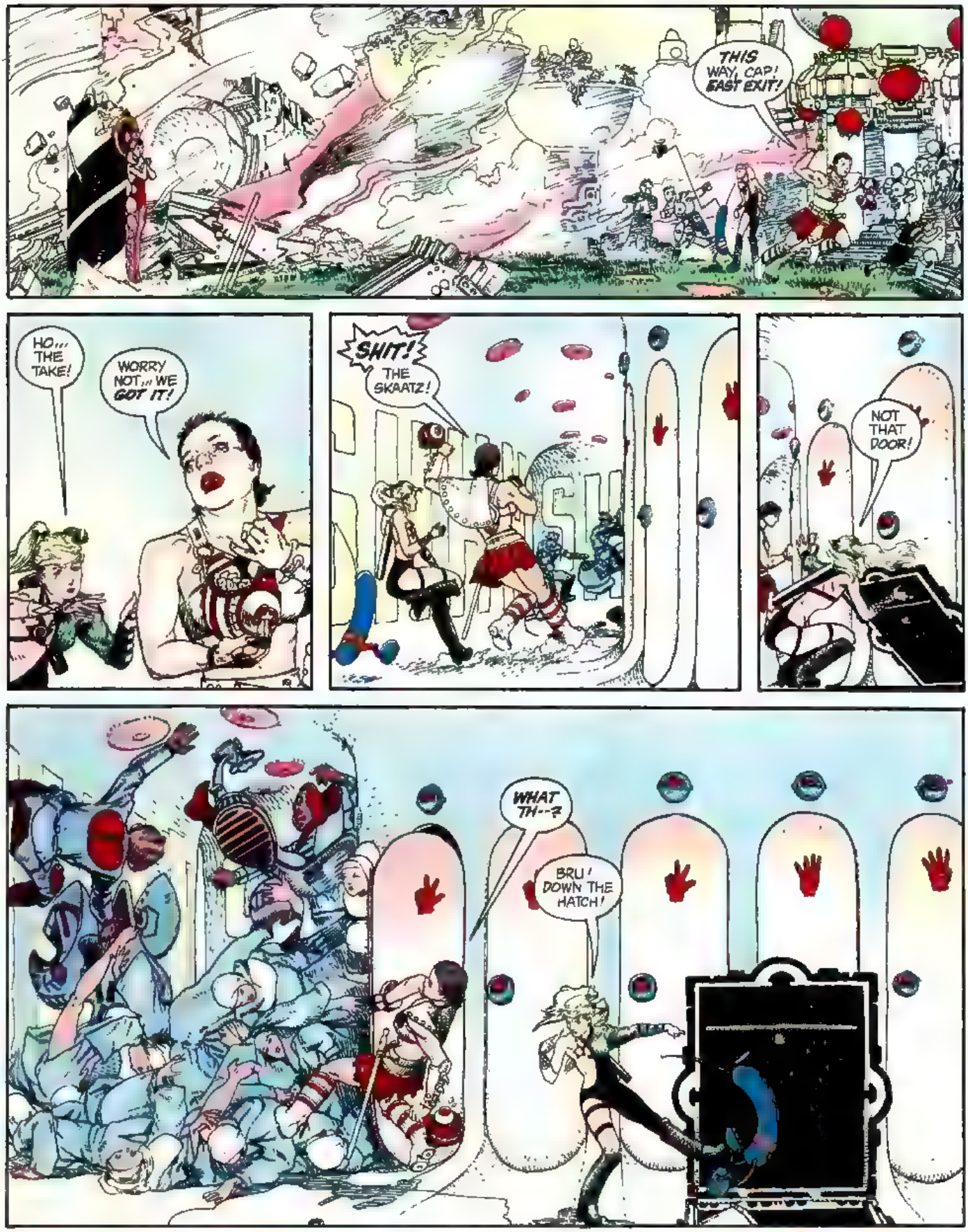

AMERCA-A-A-A-A-A-A-A-A-DIA! THE HOMELESS SING YOUR HYMN...!
MOTHER, MY HEAD...

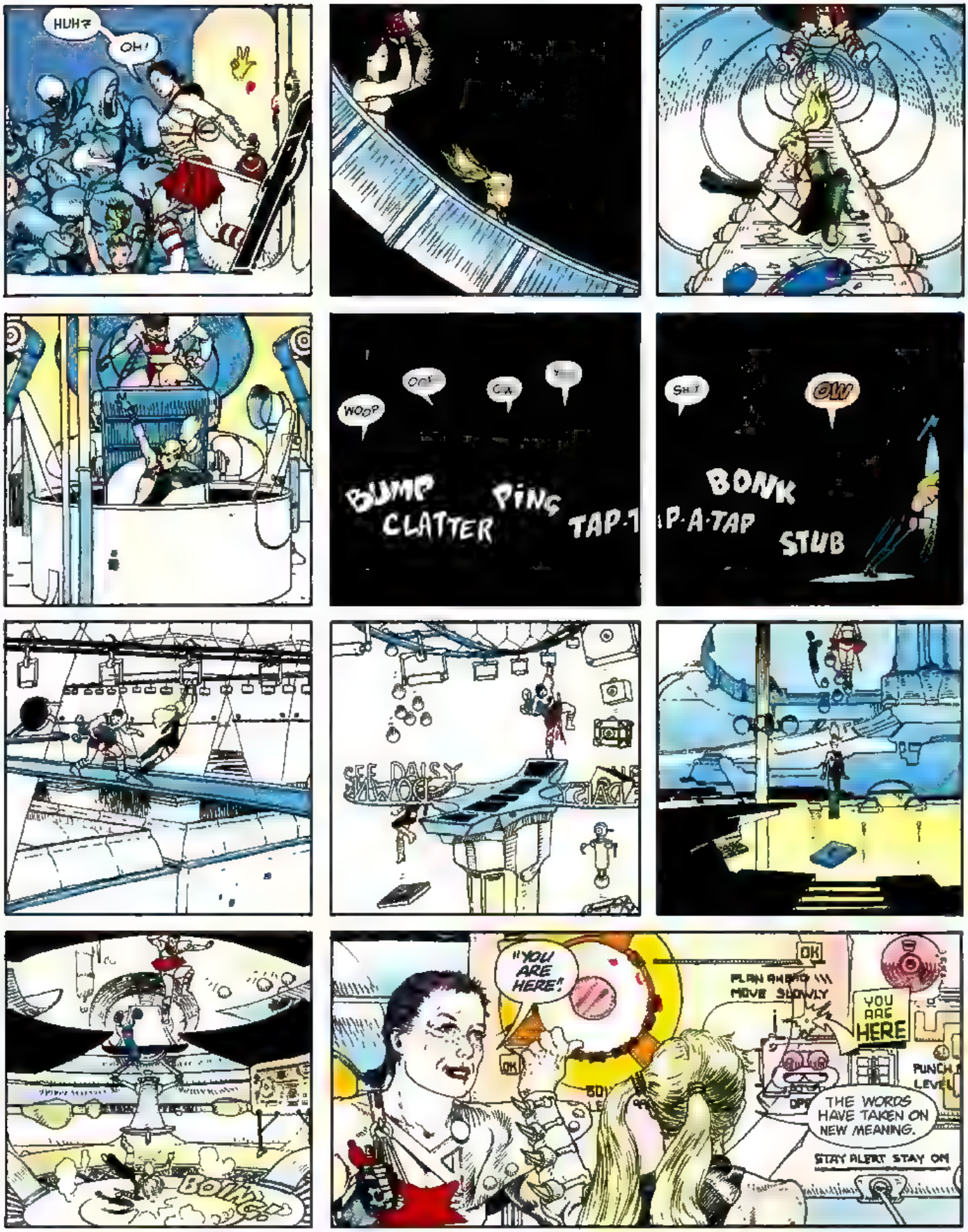
♪♫ AMERCA-A-A-A-A-A-A-DIA! BRIGHT JEWEL NEVER DIMMED! ♫♪
...BASTARDS.
?
I'LL JUST RING UP THOSE DRINKS ON YOUR TAB, GALATIA
TAB? WHUZZAT... I'M BUYIN' THE DRINKS, I SAID HELL, I'M PAYIN' THE TAB, TOO. C'MON,, ADD 'EM UP! THE WORKS! BRUCILLA'S PAYIN' THE FREIGHT!
IF YOU SAY SO... CATCH YA LATER, HARRY.
GRT-
I RECONSIDERED YOUR MOST KIND OFFER, CAP!
UH... GLAD TO HAVE YOU ABOARD, BRU
OH... UH... CAP? I FEEL I SHOULD SAY THAT YOU NEGLECTED TO MENTION THAT YOU BEEN RUNNIN' UP THAT TAB FOR THE PAST SIX CYCLES...
YOU NEGLECTED TO ASK.
TOUCHÉ, CAP... YOU GOTTA POINT THERE... AN I HOPE YOU ALSO HAVE SOME CREDITS, CAUSE YOUR BAR TAB HAS BUSTED BRUCILLA FLATTER THAN A KANSAS KORNKAKE
CREDITS? DID I HEAR YOU SAY CREDITS? I GOTTA DEAL YOU CAN'T BEAT.
SAY WHAT?
IN A WORD,, PLATINUM.

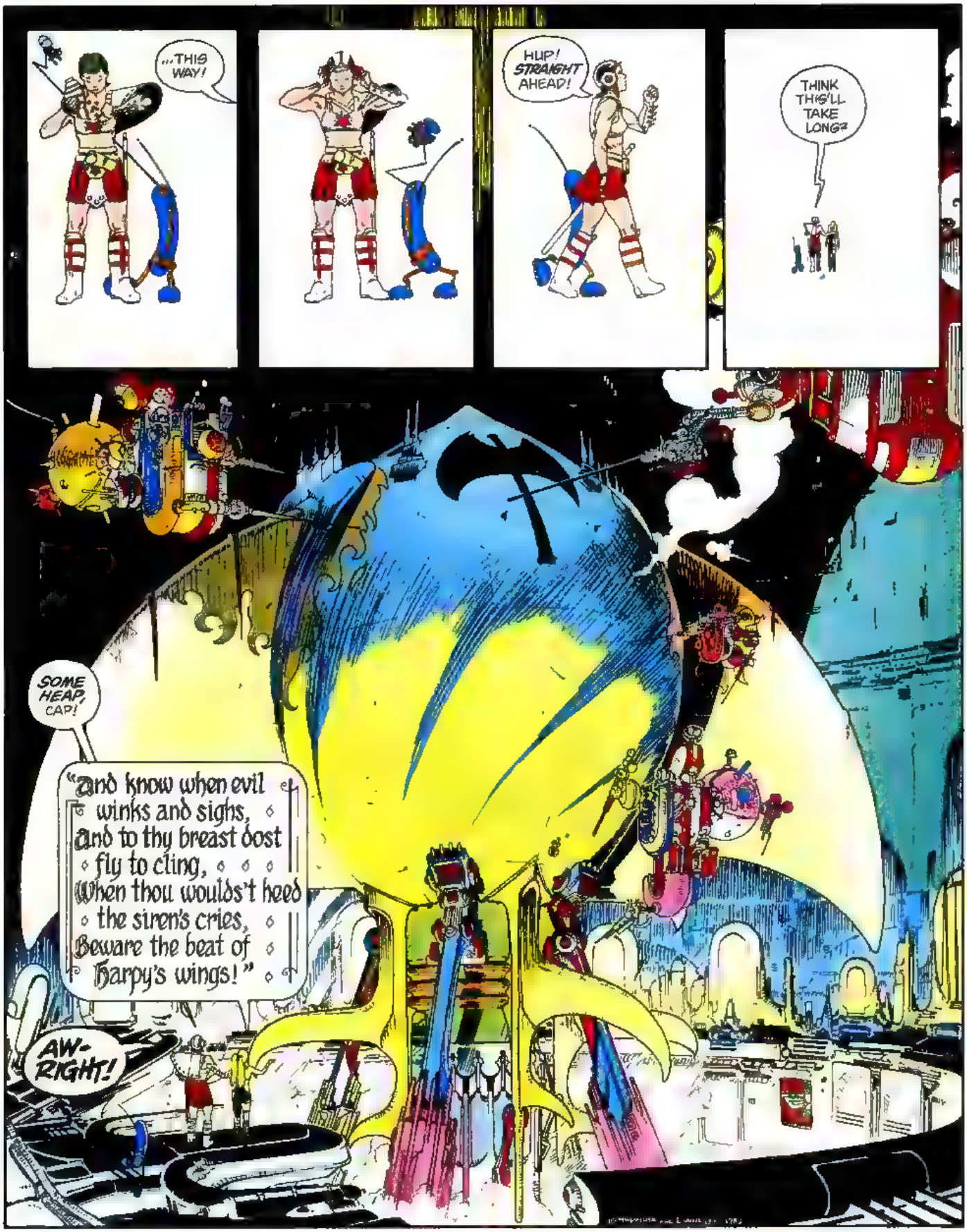
AMSCRAY, BRATS... I GOT YOUR NUMBER, AN' YOU'RE BEIN DISCONNECTED!
Norris Rex WAX MUSEUM EMPORIUM
NUDJ
HEADS UP!
FUT!
I THINK I SAID VAMOOSE!
HOLD IT, BRU...
WHAT BUSINESS BROUGHT YOU TO THIS GLITZ BIN...OTHER THAN THE OBVIOUS?
UH... YOU KNOW... THE BEST LAID SCHEMES... I HAD BIG PLANS, CAP... BUT THEY FELL THROUGH... SO TO SPEAK.
WOULDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH A PLATINUM-BEARING ASTEROID?
MUM'S THE WORD.
ON YOUR WAY, SOLDIERS; THERE ARE CHUMPS TO BE HAD, BUT NOT IN MY ARM OF THE GALAXY!
THAT'S TELLIN' EM, CAP!
NO HARD FEELIN'S, GALS...
"TRUTH, AS FAR AS IT GOES," HUH?
POINT THE OARS, CAP! WHEN DO WE LEAVE?
SOON AS WE COME UP WITH THE MACOY TO PAY THE NURSERY.
AN' TIME-WISE THAT WOULD BE ABOUT...?
SIX CYCLES AND HOLDING
SOMETHIN' TOLD ME WELL... NEVER FEAR! BRUCILLA'LL JUST PUT ON THE OLD THINKIN' CAP AN' RUN IT UP THE FLAGPOLE AN' SEE IF IT FLIES.
HOLD IT...!
I GOT A PLAN!


THE PLAN
THIS IS NOT EXACTLY THE PLAN I HAD IN MIND, CAP.
HOLD YOUR GROUND, BRU. IT'S TOUGHER WITH A MOVING TARGET.
ONE RIBEC, PARTNER...
...A SHORT SNORT...
...STRAIGHTENS THE AIM...
ARE YOU SURE ABOUT THIS, CAP?
GLUNK
TRUST ME.
SPAT
I GOT A BETTER IDEA!
SHOOT!
PRECISELY WHAT I HAD IN MIND! GUIDES!
SNAP TO!
THIS IS BRUCILLA THE MUSCLE, HAWK CLASS GUIDE SPEAKIN' --AN I KNOW YOU'RE SKULKIN' N THE VICINITY SOMEWHERE!
ON THE ZIP!
I'M TALKIN' RECRUITS!
WING-LEADER GLYNDE, REPORTING FOR DUTY! IF YOU'RE THE BRU THE M., AND I THINK I SPEAK FOR THE WING...
...WE'D LIKE A PIECE OF THE ACTION!
I'M TALKIN' RAFFLE, GALS... CHURCH BAZAAR...
HERE'S THE PLAN...


THE PLAN
?
SEE IT NOW! ONLY A GUA-CRED T' COULD BE YOUR LAST CHANCE!
STAND BACK, ALLA YA!
GIMME SOME ELBOW ROOM OR END UP WITH DEEP-FRIED RETINAS, TAKE YOUR PICK!
...EAST EXIT...?
YOU SLOBS ARE ABOUT TO WITNESS A FASCINATIN' DISPLAY OF SKILL AND PRECISION, SO GET READY AND HOLD TIGHT TO YOUR TAILS, AN' YA WON'T LOSE 'EM.
COUNT 'EM!
STAND READY!
TAKE YOUR A.M!
BLAST ASS!


THIS WAY, CAP! EAST EXIT!
HO... THE TAKE!
WORRY NOT... WE GOT IT!
SHIT!
THE SKAATZ!
NOT THAT DOOR!
WHAT TH--?
BRU! DOWN THE HATCH!


HUH?
OH!
WOOP
BUMP
CLATTER
PING
TAP-T
SH!
OW
BONK
P-A-TAP
STUB
SEE DAISY
"YOU ARE HERE!"
OK
PLAN AHEAD !!!
MOVE SLOWLY
YOU ARE HERE
THE WORDS HAVE TAKEN ON NEW MEANING.
STAY ALERT STAY ON
BOING!


...THIS WAY!
HUP! STRAIGHT AHEAD!
THINK THIS'LL TAKE LONG?
SOME HEAP, CAP!
"and know when evil winks and sighs, and to thy breast dost fly to cling, When thou wouldst heed the siren's cries, Beware the beat of Harpy's wings!"
AW-RIGHT!

"WHAT THE SIREN SINGS"

CYCLE 140
ANARCHERA
CLUB NEBB™
ON THE PLANET
HYDRANGEA
- MEMBERS ONLY
- NO RIFF-RAFF

"O JOY OF CREATION,
TO BE!
O RAPTURE, TO FLY
AND BE FREE!
BE THE BATTLE LOST OR
WON,
THOUGH ITS SMOKE
SHALL HIDE THE SUN,
I SHALL FIND MY LOVE--THE
ONE BORN FOR ME."
--"WHAT THE BULLET SANG"
BRET HARTE

©1982 BERNET HEY MU KALLIYA

GALACTIC GIRL GUIDES'
TRIANGLE
MINT COOKIES
looks like a mint, tastes like...

...I JUST
LOVE
GIRL GUIDE
COOKIES.

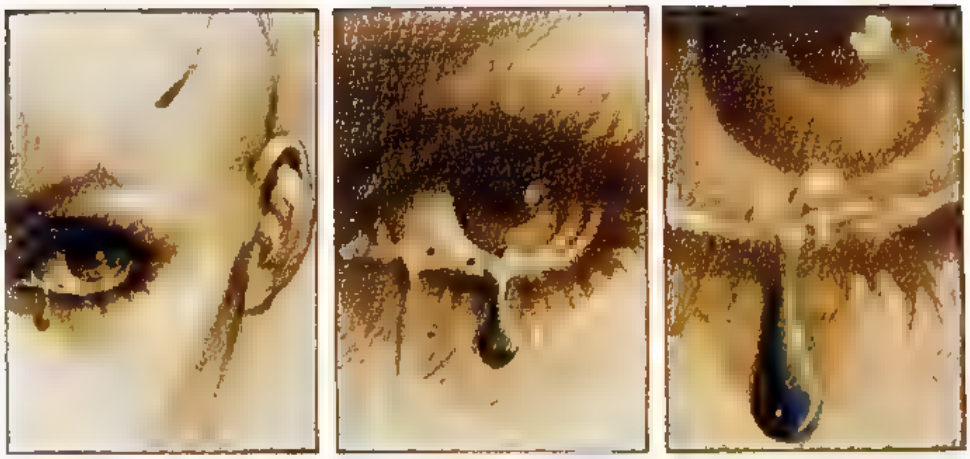
ALLUSION: AN INDIRECT REFERENCE, A PLAYING OR SPORTING WITH.

ILLUSION: A FALSE PERCEPTION.

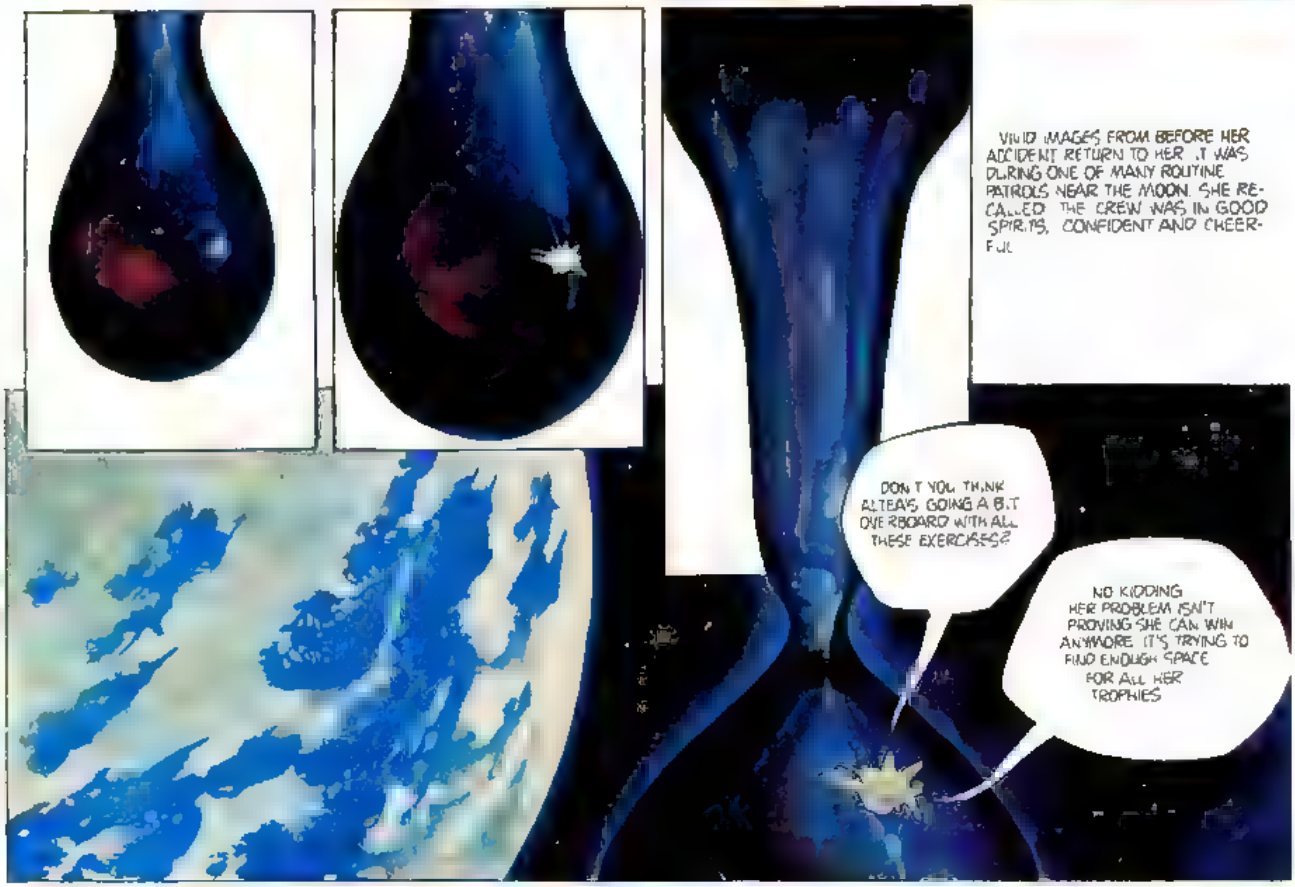
·The·End...?·

ZORA

WHILE AMON SLOWLY RECUPERATES FROM HIS WOUNDS, ZORA REACHES INTO HER PAST. TORN BY CONFLICTING EMOTIONS, FRIGHTENED AND CONFUSED, ZORA "WATCHES" AS FRAGMENTS OF HER UNREMEMBERED PAST RISE UP BEFORE HER—UNTIL NOW, BURIED DEEP IN THE BLACK VAULT OF HER SUBCONSCIOUS



VIVID IMAGES FROM BEFORE HER ACCIDENT RETURN TO HER. IT WAS DURING ONE OF MANY ROUTINE PATROLS NEAR THE MOON. SHE RECALLED THE CREW WAS IN GOOD SPIRITS, CONFIDENT AND CHEERFUL


DON'T YOU THINK ALTEA'S GOING A BIT OVERBOARD WITH ALL THESE EXERCISES?
NO KIDDING. HER PROBLEM ISN'T PROVING SHE CAN WIN ANYMORE. IT'S TRYING TO FIND ENOUGH SPACE FOR ALL HER TROPHIES

CAPTAIN'S ON YOUR SIDE. IT'S IN THE BAG—SHE'S GOT LOTS OF FRIENDS IN HIGH PLACES
IMPACT ALERT IN 4-3' IMPACT ALERT IN 4 2'
DON'T WORRY YOUR JEALOUS LITTLE HEADS, GIRLS. ZORA'S ASKING SPACE COMMAND FOR A PRIVATE DOUBLE ROOM FOR ME WITH EXTRA SHELF SPACE

DISCONNECT THAT THING, LUA, AND TELL ME WHAT'S HAPPENED!
IMPACT ALERT IN 4-1! IMPACT ALERT IN
WE'RE HEADING STRAIGHT INTO A METEOR SHOWER CAPTAIN!
HOW'S THAT POSSIBLE? WHAT ABOUT THE NEUTRAL ZER?
NO RESPONSE IT MUST BE DAMAGED.
THERE'S NO TIME TO CHANGE COURSE
GODDESS! WE'VE HAD IT!
WHAT'S HAPPENED? WHY THE SUDDEN SILENCE? THOSE METEORS SHOULD BE SMACKING US HARD!
LUA ALTEA AND NYA LOOK LIKE THEY'VE TURNED TO STONE!
ZORA COULDN'T FATHOM WHAT WAS GOING ON THE LIGHTS ON THE CONTROL PANEL HAD STOPPED BLINKING. THEY WERE NOW AS IMMOBILE AS HER CREW.
ALL THIS COULDN'T BE MORE THAN A STRANGE HALLUC NATION. COLLISION WITH THOSE METEORS WAS INEVITABLE
BUT WE SHOULD ALL HAVE DIED INSTANTLY! WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?

A NUMBER OF SMALL METEORS WERE ENTERING THE CABIN ..

AND, AS IF IN A SLOW-MOTION MOVIE, ZORA SAW HOW INEXORABLY

.. THEY HEADED TOWARD THE DEFENSELESS BODIES OF ALTEA NYA, AND LUA

ZORA, INEXPLICABLY STILL HAD FREEDOM OF MOVEMENT. SOMETHING TOLD HER THAT THE SLOW MOVEMENT OF EVERYTHING AROUND HER WAS NORMAL

.. AND THAT SOMEHOW SHE COULD MOVE AT A GREAT SPEED. THIS "SOMETHING" WAS ALSO MAKING HER ACT AND PUT ON.

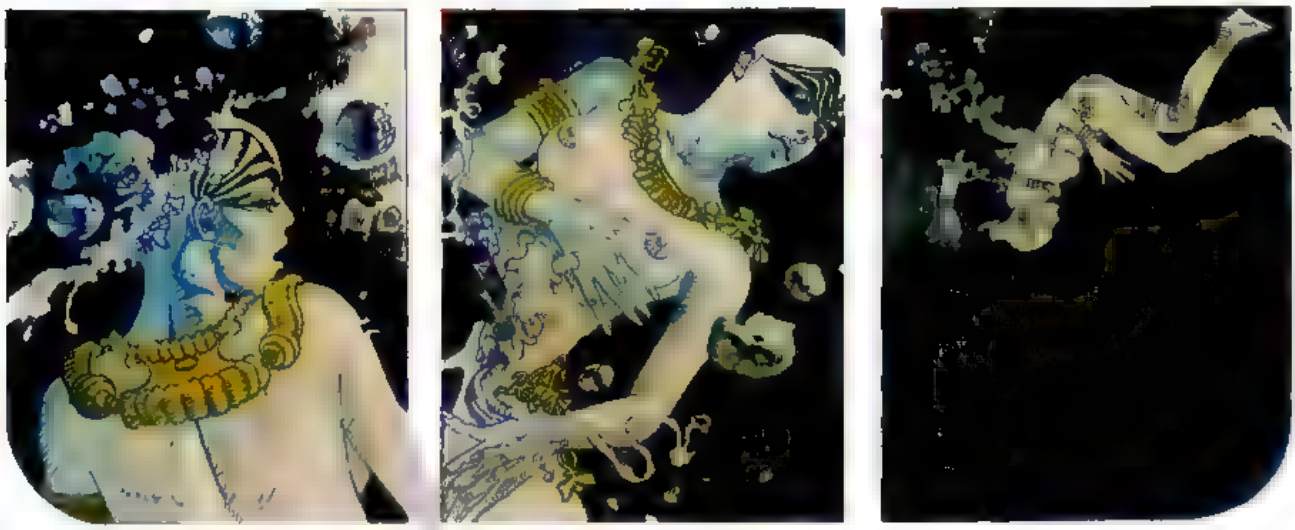
..THE ELASTIC PRESSURE SUIT, AND ACTIVATE THE EMERGENCY EJECT MECHANISM!

THE COMPRESSION CHAMBER AND THE SUIT I'VE GOT TO GET THERE!
MY POOR CREW. IF I SURVIVE, I'M GOING TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS MYSTERY!
BUT FOR NOW, OUT!

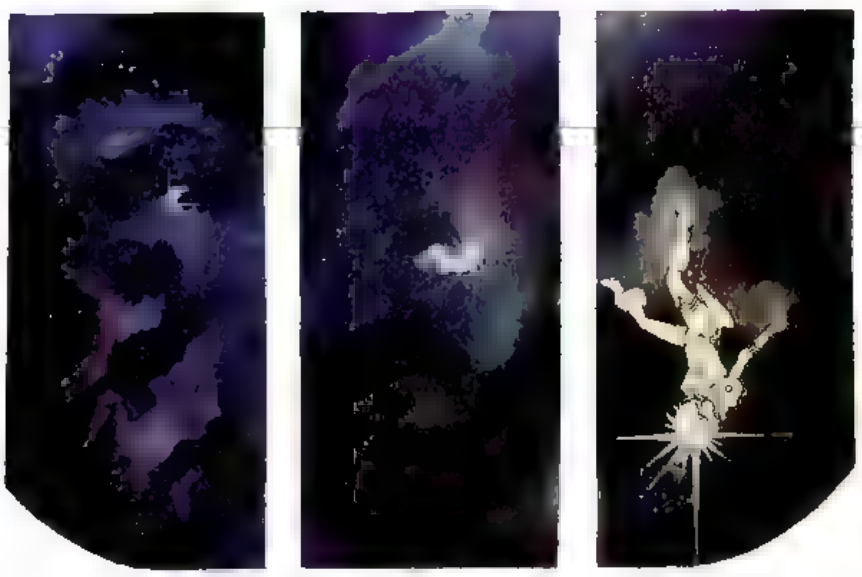
IN THE CABIN, AWAITING THEIR DATE WITH DESTINY, WERE SECOND OFFICER ALTEA..

NYA, NAVIGATOR AND THE HONEYCOMB'S CHAMPION GYMNAST..

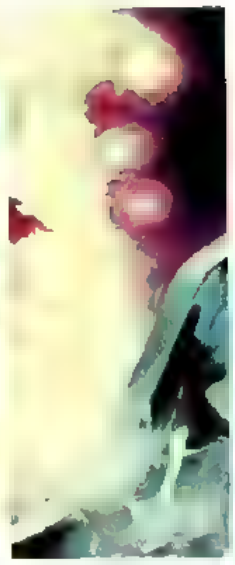
AND LUA, THE AIR COMMAND'S MOST EASY-GOING PILOT.



MEANWHILE, ZORA WAS SAFELY OUTSIDE THE SHIP
WHICH WAS RIDDLED WITH METEORS
AND THEN HIT IN ITS FUEL CELLS AND DESTROYED
ZUUUIIS
WRAAM

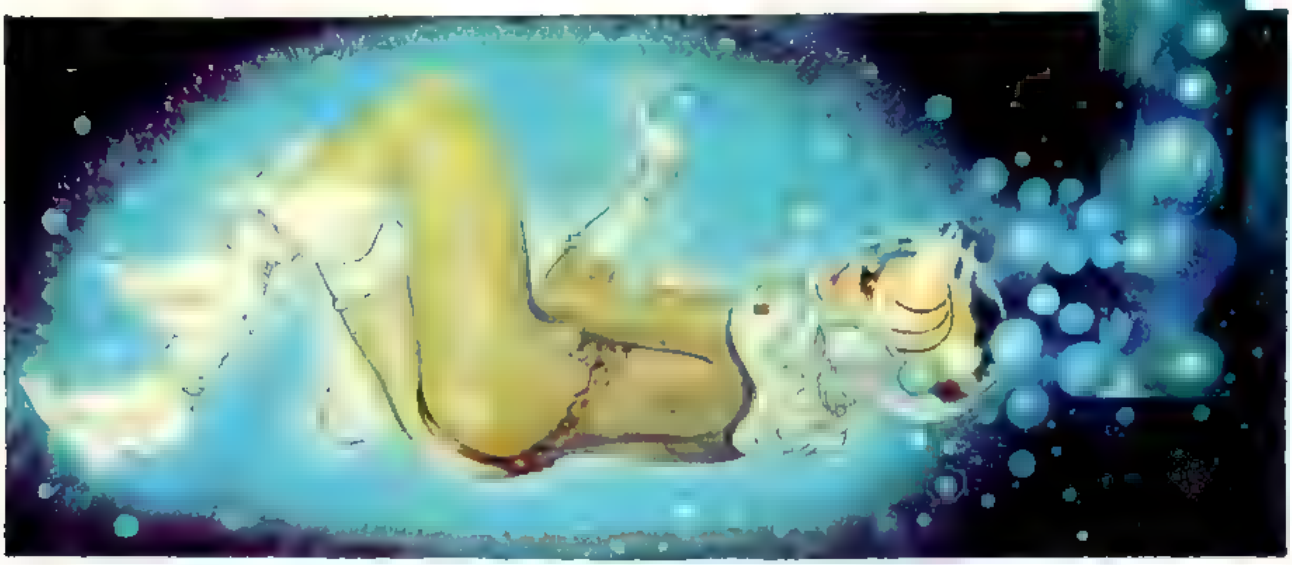

NO SIGN OF THE TRAGEDY REMAINED EXCEPT FOR A SMALL POINT OF LIGHT
WHICH SLOWLY
ONTO ITSELF REFLECTING THE SUNLIGHT. IT WAS THE UNCONSCIOUS BODY OF ZORA

SOME TIME LATER STILL ONLY SEMI-CONSCIOUS, ZORA NOTICED SOME LIGHTS AROUND HER

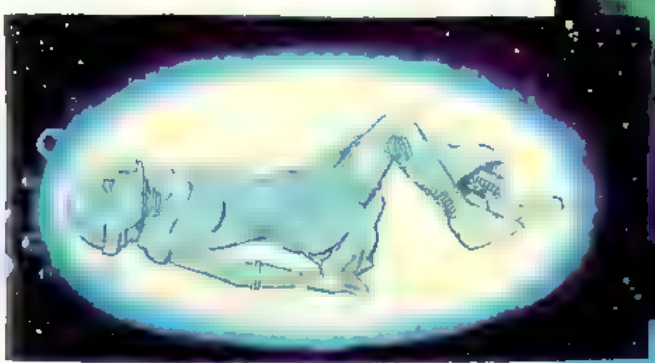


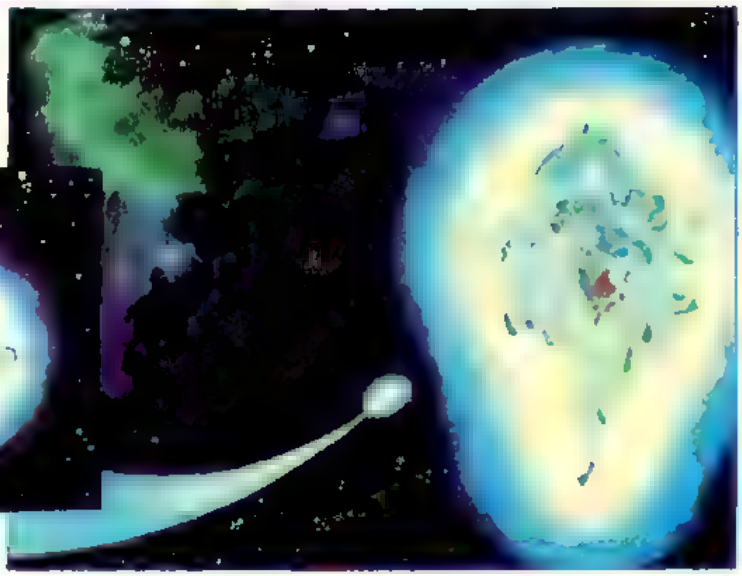
SWIFTLY THEY ENCIRCLED HER AND ENVELOPED HER IN A COCOON LIKE THOSE INSECTS USE BEFORE UNDERGOING METAMORPHOSIS

THUS PROTECTED IN A LUMINOUS BALL OF ENERGY, SHE FELT HERSELF QUICKLY AND SMOOTHLY TRANSPORTED



TO WHAT APPEARED TO BE THE ENERGY'S SOURCE-ANOTHER BALL OF LUMINOSITY APPARENTLY ENORMOUS, AND GROWING EVER LARGER AS SHE APPROACHED





TO BE CONTINUED

Illustration by Bil Sloul

A glimpse at Ray Bradbury's new book

Dinosaur Tales

At dinner one night, some years ago, someone asked each of us to name, in order of importance, our Most Favorite Subjects in All the History of the World!

"Dinosaurs!" I cried. Followed swiftly by, "Egypt. Tutankhamen. Mummies!"

To bulwark my selections, I recounted a short tale about my own life as a twelve-year-old genius-in-the-bud. Telling my friends I was off for a life as a radio actor, I trotted down to the local station in Tuscon, Arizona, hung about friendless, rootless, emptying ashtrays, running for Cokes, and exerting my own peculiar animal magnetism. Within two weeks, I wound up On The Air, reading the comics to the kiddies every Saturday night. Payment for same?

Free tickets for *King Kong* and *The Mummy*.

I was the richest boy I ever knew.

For doing what I loved to do, how nice that God, and the station manager, handed me passes to rub elbows with prehistoric monsters and dead Egyptian kings!

When I had finished saying all this, there was an instant revision of Lists at our table. Men and women, of all sizes, shapes, colors and ages, had to agree I had hit on Subjects Number One and Two.

But, especially One.

Dinosaurs.

For, as I put it to my friends:

"If, this very instant, a stranger rushed into this room crying, 'My God, there's a dinosaur outside!' what would you do?"

"Run out," everyone admitted, "and look!"

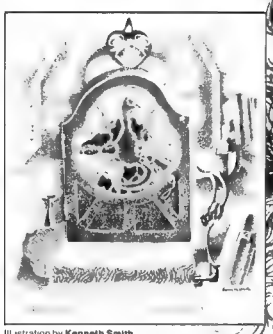


Illustration by **Kenneth Smith**

Illustration by **Jim Steranko**

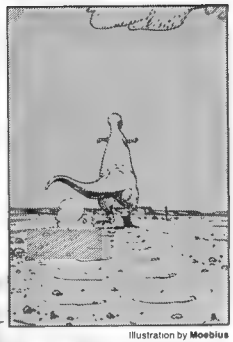


Illustration by **Moebius**

"Yes," I said, "even though you were absolutely sure it couldn't be true. How come, though, you would leap and run like that? Because you hoped for a miracle. In your secret heart of hearts you wanted brontosaurus, tame of course, to come back in the world

"In fact," I added, turning to a television producer who had asked me, earlier, what I would like to write for television, "if you gave me prime time, and a few dollars, there's nothing I'd write better than a show called *Dinosaurs' Roots!* That was watched by only fifty or sixty million people. Our *Dinosaurs* would rampage the country and grab every eye. Please pass the pteranodons."

Of course, nothing ever happened. I got everyone at dinner to admit they'd love to see such a television special, and the shared feeling was that dinosaurs were just about the greatest children of history, but the network executive never called back. I think he awoke the next morning blaming the wine.

Still, this late in time, my opinion remains: Dinosaurs and Tut. I haven't as yet figured out what should be in third place Could be the Moon. Or Mars. They *almost* make it. But Stegosaurus makes it first

Maybe because he's underfoot. We can see and touch and think on the bones that he before us, along with the eggs, long since concretized, from which they ambled ten thousand million mornings ago. The Moon and Mars are absolutely real, but only a handful of men have touched one, and only our space-traveling cameras have eyed the other When we walk on both, as most certainly we shall, perhaps those worlds will crowd Tut and pterodactyl at the tape.

But as for now I accept the fact, and proclaim it quietly, that without dinosaurs my life would have been nothing at all Dinosaurs started me on the track to becoming a writer Dinosaurs helped push me *along* that track to acceptance And a dinosaur who fell in love with the sound of a lighthouse foghorn in a story called "The Fog Horn," which I wrote and published in 1950, changed my life, my income, and my way of writing forever

In this story, which was the basis for the film, *The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms*, I allowed my gathered love for such beasts to speak out, that drew the attention of John Huston in 1953. He read the tale and sympathized with the plight of a monster who took the melancholy cry of the foghorn for the mating call of yet another lost beast. Huston sensed the ghost of Melville in the whole, and called me to write the screenplay of *Moby Dick*

What Huston sensed, of course, was not Melville but the influence of Shakespeare and the Bible on me. And since the Bible and Shakespeare yanked the White Whale full-blown from Melville's brow, it all ends the same. I got the job, wrote the script, and watched as Melville and his beast of prehistory settled into my life with vast tonnages and permanence

So, you see, the dinosaurs that fell off the cliff in *The Lost World*, that ancient 1925 film, landed squarely on me, as did *King Kong* when I was twelve. Squashed magnificently flat, breathless for love, I floundered to my toy typewriter and spent the rest of my life dying of that unrequited love

Along the way I met another young man, exactly my age with exactly the same love, if not to say lu : for the se prehistoric creatures paced his days, and starred his nights. The young man's name was Ray Harryhausen. He was building, and animating with stop-motion 8mm film, a family of dinosaurs, in his backyard garage. I visited the family often, handled the beasts, talked for hours, many nights in many years, with my friend, and we agreed: he was to grow up and birth dinosaurs, I was to grow up and dialogue them And it came to pass.

The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms was the first and only film we shared together. Not a great film, not even a very good one, but the start of two careers that finally took his motion pictures, his beasts, and my books, into some of the farthest corners of the world. Culminating with the night, a year ago, when I introduced Harryhausen at a special screening honoring him, at the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences. As I finished my introduction, Fay Wray, the heroine of the 1933 version of *King Kong*, ran out of the audience, grabbed and hugged us both, and put the capper on two lives that had started with simple direct loves in museums, movie houses, and garages, a long time ago

Right now is confession time. Some thirty-odd years ago, Ray Harryhausen, my wife Maggie, and I attended a performance of *Siegfried* with the then eminent tenor Jussi Bjorling performing the title role. We went, of course, not to see Siegfried, or to hear the music, which was of course glorious We went to see—God bless our lost, sweet souls—Fafner, the Dragon.

I realize, in admitting this, that Harryhausen and I will probably go on most opera lovers' lists as the coarsest, most unthinking, most damnable *Siegfried* attendees in history. I accept the damnation and live with the guilt Nevertheless, there we were, the three of us, in the lower left hand side of the balcony, waiting for what seemed nine hours, and was probably only eight, for Fafner to appear

He appeared all right. I saw an inch of his left nostril, Maggie saw one of his whiskers, and Harryhausen saw only the vast cloud of steam Fafner gave off in his brief "aria" before he vanished

For, you see, our seats were so devilishly positioned, and the scenery onstage so cleverly built, that at least one-third of each audience never saw the brute clear. We were part of that one bereft third

Stunned, Ray and I looked across my wife at each other The long wait through the admittedly wondrous music was all for nothing.

Shortly thereafter, we beat a retreat to the foyer, and thence, defeated and disconsolate, home

Heading west toward the sea, a great car passed us carrying, in the back seat, a dark-haired queen, Elizabeth Taylor

She was no consolation.

Though I never saw Fafner, I've continued to seek his cousins and the fantasies around them in libraries and book shops. My love of these creatures is only equalled by my love of book illustration

During the past forty years, when most American art galleries stood empty of all but those boring drip-dry paint-by-the-zeros abstracts, I took refuge in the bright arms of the Pre-Raphaelites. I raced backward through London and Paris, with Gustave Doré and Grandville, to knock heads with John Martin and try to replan the morals of Gin Lane and

Illustration by David Wiesner

Fleet Street with Hogarth, or frolic in Louis' court with Callot. I was satisfied by nothing less than story, symbol, metaphor as found in all their works. Goya drove me to war, sat with me at bullfights, rode me on witch-brooms, and I was never the same. I came reeling out of most twentieth century art galleries, as one fresh from a Chinese dinner, wondering why I was hungry an hour later.

It follows then that when Byron Preiss showed me illustrated samples of these glorious beasts, I could not resist. The ghost of Harold Foster, who drew Tarzan for six years back in the early 1930s spoke to me. It said: Remember my dinosaurs that trudged your midnight bed and flew your ceiling skies! The ghosts of the creators of Buck Rogers and Flash Gordon said just about the same thing. My comic-collections, still gathered and waiting in my basement, fifty years later, reminded me of my first, art-oriented passions. Dulac, Tenggren, and Rackham raised this child from the crib on. No wonder I cried, "Aye!" when I saw the work by Bil Stout, Steranko, Moebius, David Wiesner, Overton Loyd, Kenneth Smith and Gahan Wilson.

Dinosaur Tales is made up of *What If?* stories and poems. What if a dinosaur really did become enamored of a foghorn? What if we could travel in time and run back to hunt the prehistoric beasts? This last was an experiment I tried in 1950. I simply sat down to my typewriter one morning, with no idea where I would wind up, and hammered together a Time Machine, and shot my hunters back a few million years to see what would happen. Three hours later, after a butterfly had been stepped on, making it one of the first, and unconscious, ecology stories, "A Sound of Thunder" was done, the beast slain, and all political history changed forever.

"Besides a Dinosaur, Whatta Ya Wanna Be When You Grow Up?" evolved from a similar simplistic concept. Having been a boy who wanted to wake up one morning with dragon teeth, I simply tossed the shuttle into my typewriter, and let the aging boy spin out his possibly frightful dream.

As for the dinosaurs dancing on the sandy shore? I have attended the ballet at least four hundred times in my life, and have seen quite a few lumbering beasts. Beyond that, my frolicsome animals are probably first cousins to the hippos, ostriches, and alligators that outraged us to joy, long ago, in *Fantasia*.

And as for my future plans? I am writing the libretto for a space-traveling opera titled *Leviathan 99*. In it, I move the Moby Dick mythology beyond the stars. The opera dramatizes the arrival of a Great White Comet that visits our basement part of the universe once each forty years. My equivalent of Ahab, the captain of a star ship, goes out to attack the Comet which destroyed his sight when he was a young man new to space. The opera is, of course, dedicated to Melville. In it, the Beast may have changed its form, but not its essence, its terror, its magnificent beauty. Deep in its incredible soul, it speaks with the heart of a boy who fell in love with just such beasts and wanted to run and live with them, fifty-seven years ago.

The boy shouted one word. The Great White Comet merely echoes it:

Dinosaurs, of course.

Dinosaurs!

—Ray Bradbury

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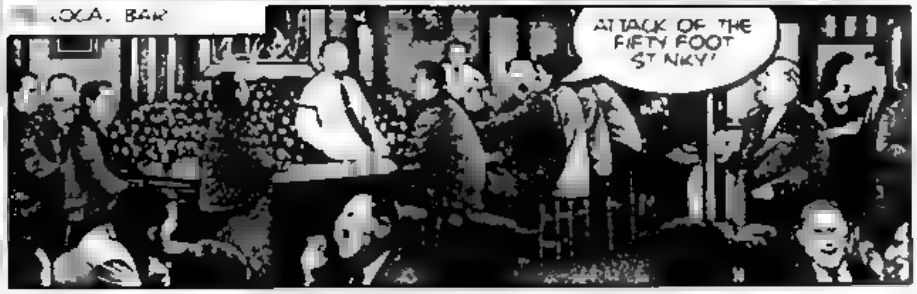
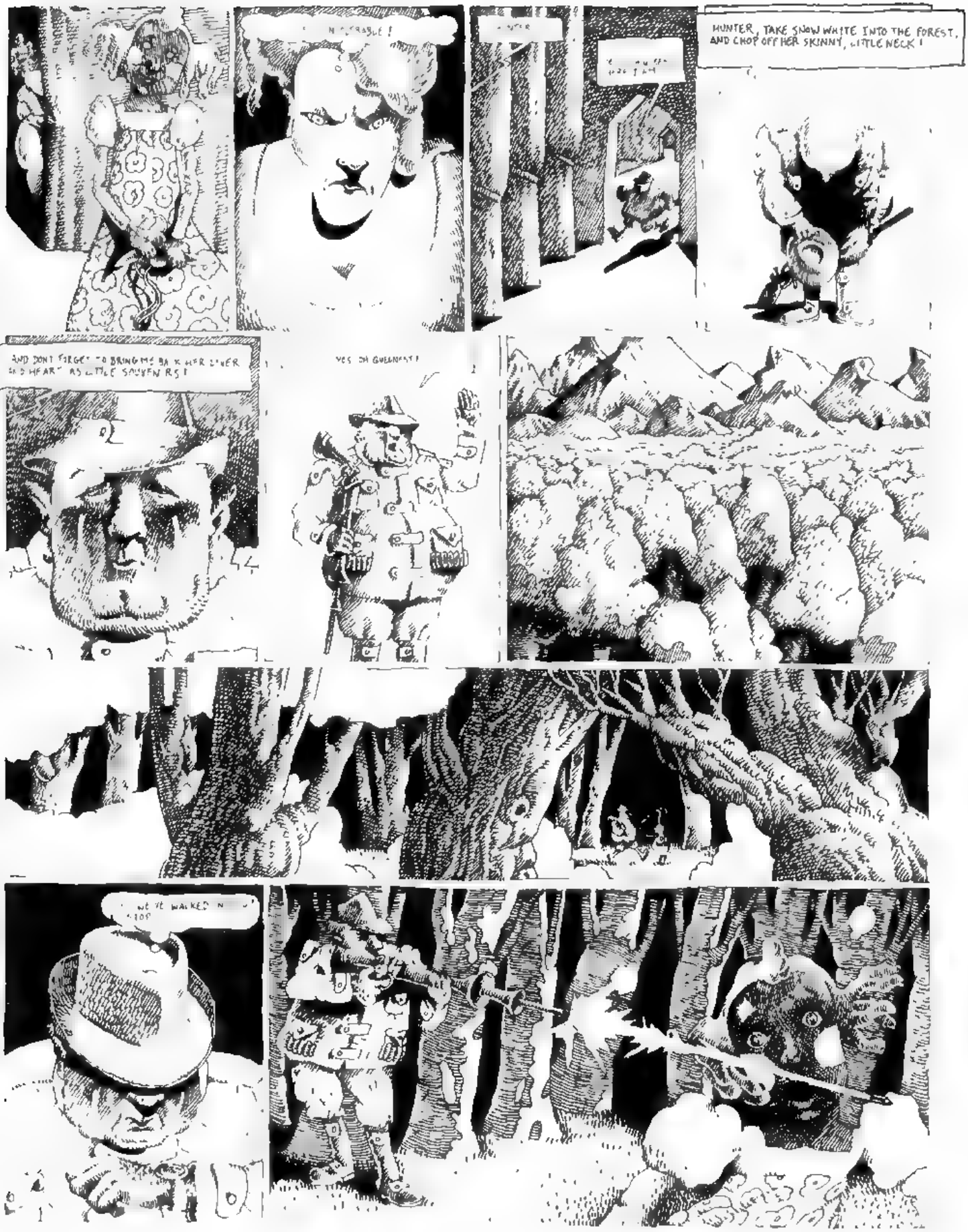
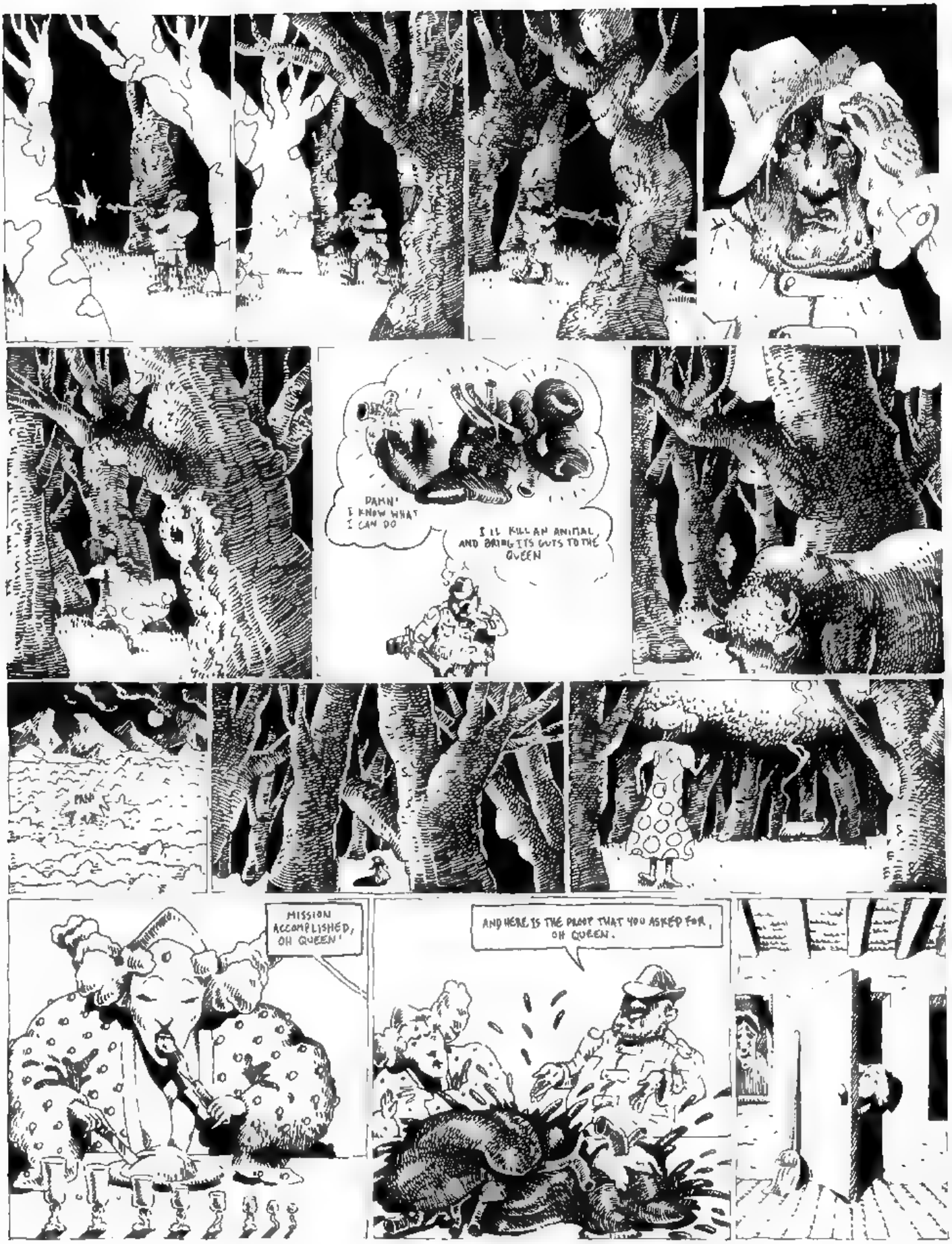
ATTACK OF THE 50 FOOT STINKY



WATCH OUT! STINKY IS ON THE LOOSE!

SNOW WHITISH
(she's a little off-color 'cause she's got a cold)
OOOH I'VE PRICKED MYSELF!
SNIFFF IF ONLY I HAD A DAUGHTER WHO WAS AS WHITE AS SNOW WIF HAIR AS ORANGE AS THE SUN, AND SKIN A BLACK AS THE WINDOW FRAME'
WHEN THE CHILD LIKE SNOW WHITE WAS BORN SHE DID INDEED HAVE HAIR AS RED AS THE SETTING SUN, SKIN AS BLACK AS EBONY AND CHEEKS AS WHITE AS SNOW SHE WAS A HAPPY BUT, UNFO
THE DAY OF HER BIRTH WHEN HER MOTHER AND A NEW QUEEN WAS NAMED
I NEVER GO ANYWHERE WITHOUT MY MIRROR
MIRROR MIRROR ON THE WALL WHO'S THE FAIREST ONE OF ALL
OH QUEEN I MUST CERTAINLY YOU.
WELL AND WHAT, OH QUEEN? I WOULD HAVE TO SAY SNOW WHITE IS THE FAIREST OF ALL


HUNTER, TAKE SNOW WHITE INTO THE FOREST, AND CHOP OFF HER SKINNY, LITTLE NECK !
AND DON'T FORGET TO BRING ME BACK HER LIVER AND HEART AS A LITTLE SOUVENIR !
YES OH QUEENEST !


DAMN! I KNOW WHAT I CAN DO
I'LL KILL AN ANIMAL, AND BRING ITS GUTS TO THE QUEEN
PANT
MISSION ACCOMPLISHED, OH QUEEN!
AND HERE IS THE PLANT THAT YOU ASKED FOR, OH QUEEN.

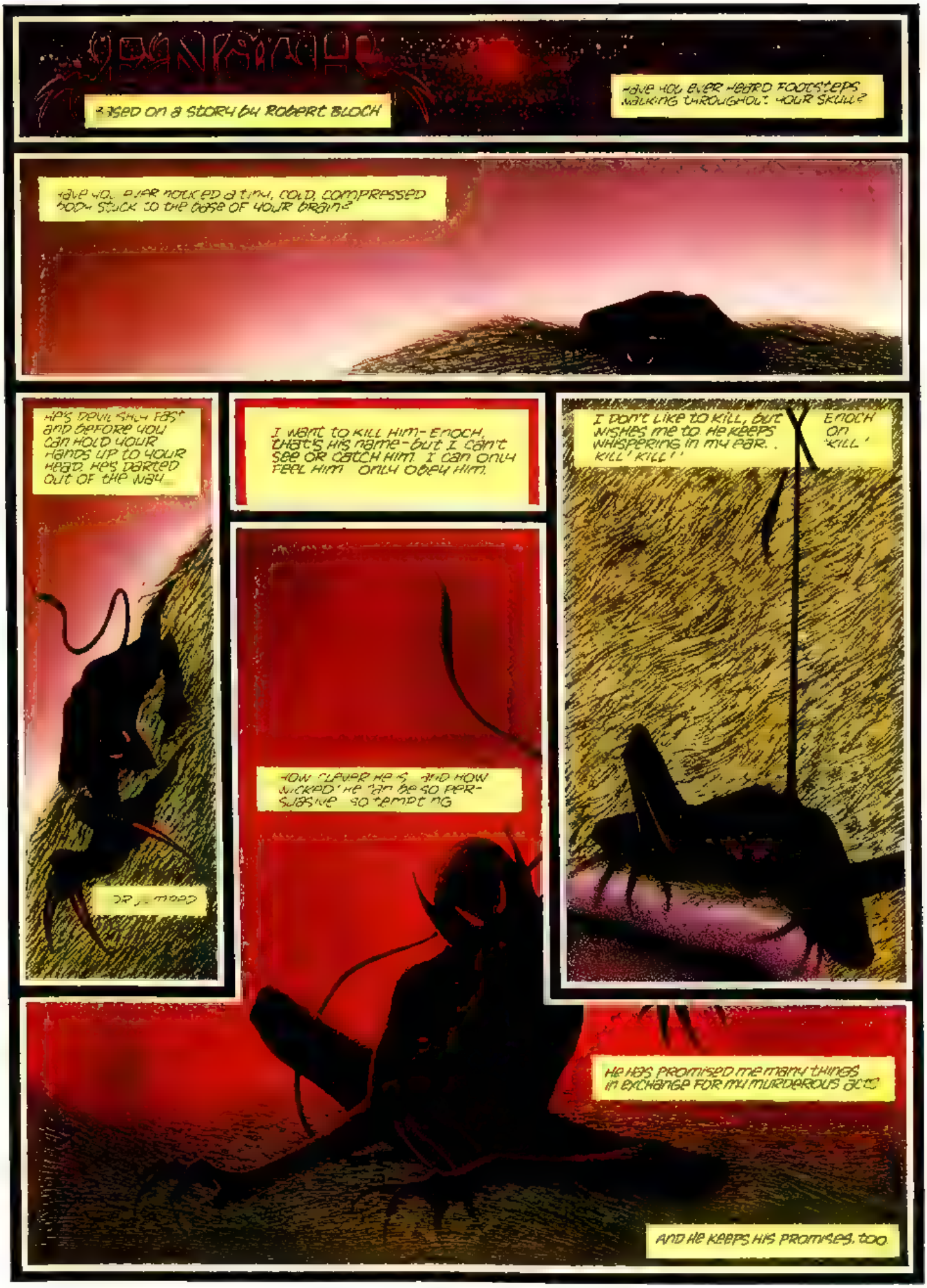
CHEF, FIX THIS FOR ME TONIGHT AND FAST! AND DON'T LOOK SO BEWILDERED! YOU CAN SEE THAT THIS IS THE LIVER AND THE HEART OF MY STEP DAUGHTER, CAN'T YOU?
DOES HER QUEENNESS LIKE IT?
EXCELLENT!
I DON'T THINK I'VE MET THE SEVEN DWARFS I'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT!
HE'S TOUCHED MY PLATE.
PAPA
PAPA
PAPA
HEAVENS! I'VE COME TO THE WRONG HOUSE. I'M AT THE "MEAN OLD HOOK-NOSED OGRES" HOUSE!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?!?
IT'S A PURE AND SIMPLE MISTAKE
I THOUGHT THIS WAS THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN DWARFS
FEH ... ARE TOO SKINNY! I CAN'T EAT YOU BUT YOU CAN STAY WITH US IF YOU'D LIKE!
ONLY IF SHE DOES MY HOMEWORK
AND IF SHE MAKES THE BEDS
AND IF SHE POLISHES OUR SHOES!

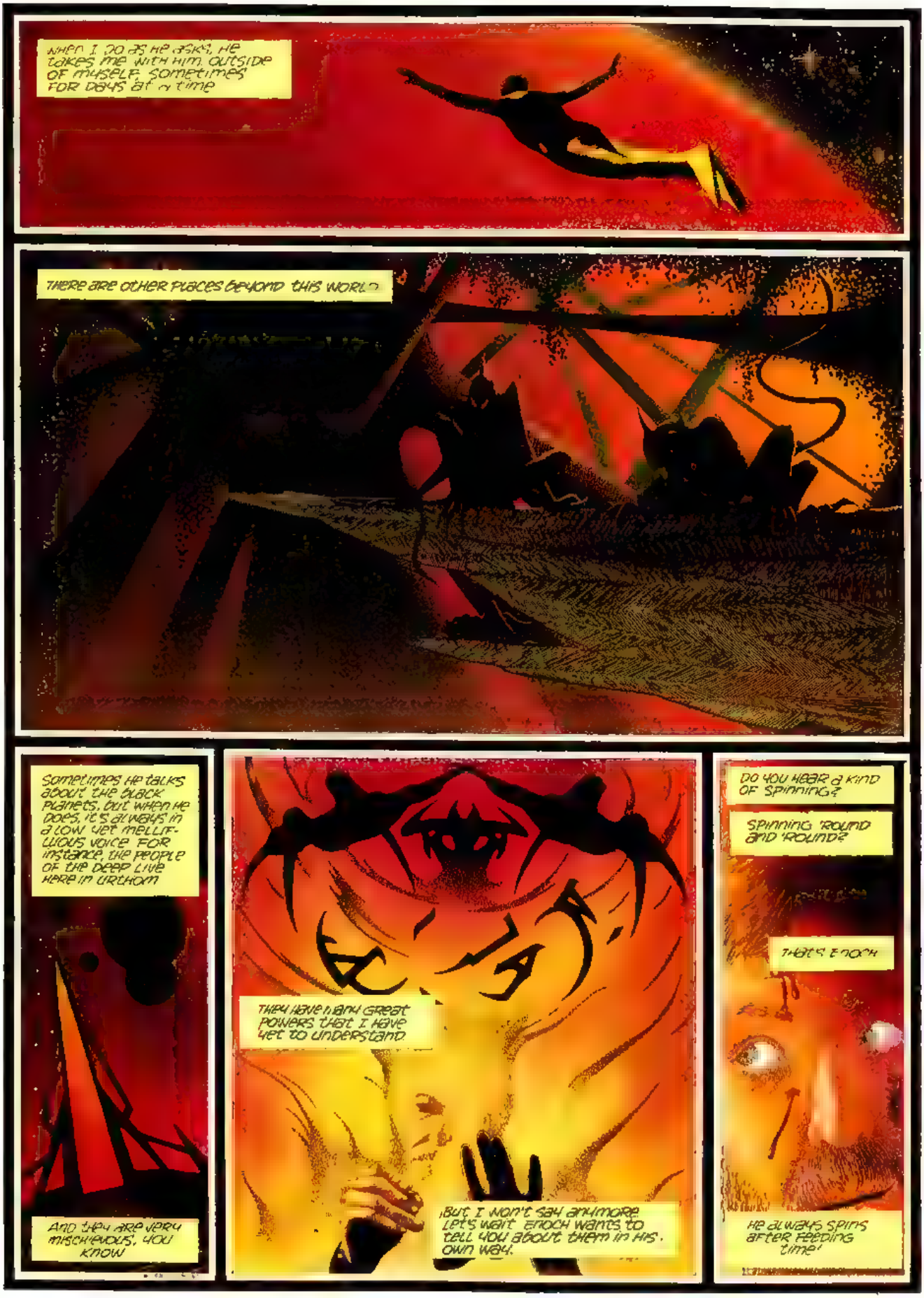
SO I ACCEPTED! SNIFF WHAT A FOOL!!!
MIRROR, MIRROR TELL ME SOON! WHO'S THE THINNEST FROM HERE TO THE MOON?
WELL
WE'VE STILL GOT A BIT OF A PROBLEM, OH QUEENEST SNOW WHITE IS!
WE'LL SEE!
A GREASY DISH?
WELL, USE THIS MAGIC LIQUID IT TAKES OFF GREASE IN A SECOND!
LET ME SEE
SNIF
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!

THANKS TO MY STRONG CONSTITUTION I FULLY RECOVERED!
MIRROR, MIRROR, TELL ME WHO
IT'S STILL SNOW WHITE!
BOY, OH BOY WHEN WILL THIS KID DIE?
HAVE YOU BEEN BRUSHING YOUR TEETH WITH THE MAGIC PASTE?
NO I HAVEN'T HAD TIME
SO WHAT IS IN THIS MAGIC PASTE, ANYWAY?
I PROBABLY SHOULDN'T TRY THIS, AFTER WHAT HAPPENED THE OTHER DAY, BUT . .
HA HA! HA HA!
HA! HA! HA!
ONCE AGAIN, I HAVE THWARTED DEATH, THANKS TO MY ROBUST FRAME!
MIRROR MIRR....
IT'S SNOW WHITE! IT IS SHE! NO NOT YOU... AND NO, NOT ME!

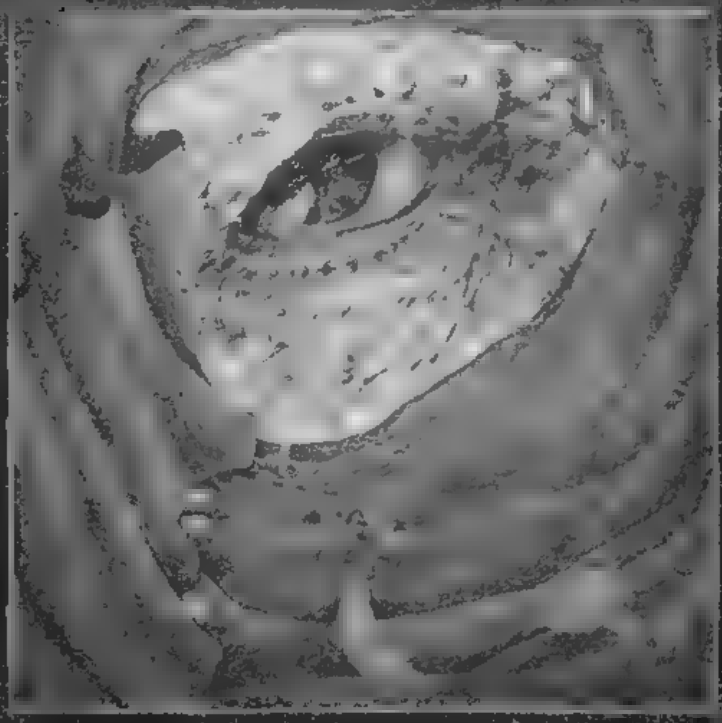
I'VE ABOUT HAD IT WITH THAT SKINNY CREEPY KID!
COME ON COME ON
AFTER YOU'VE WASHED IT
THIS TIME SHE'S SURELY A GONER! I HAVE TRIPLED THE DOSE
ENOUGH WITH THE SPUDS!
I DON'D BELIEVE IN FAIRY TALES ANYMORE
MAGIC SHAMPOO MAKES HAIR SUPPLE, FULL, THICK, SHINY, SLEEK, LONG, CURLY AND NICE TO GRAB HOLD OF!
PAPA! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

PAPA!
PAPA
PAPA
PAPA
PAPA
PAPA!
PAPA
WE BURIED OUR FATHER, THE VERY NEXT DAY. DEAD, YES, BUT HIS HAIR WAS CLEAN
BUT, WHAT'S ON?
THAT'S NOT A PRINCESS.
I WAS SENT HERE TO KISS A PRINCESS!
WELL, I WAS PAID FOR THE GIG ALREADY, I'D BETTER START KISSING!
PRINCESS? OH, PRINCESS?
SMACK!
FIN
NICOLE CLAVELOUX


ENOCH
Based on a story by Robert Bloch
Have you ever heard footsteps walking throughout your skull?
Have you ever noticed a tiny, cold, compressed body stuck to the base of your brain?
He's devil fast and before you can hold your hands up to your head, he's darted out of the way
I want to kill him- Enoch, that's his name- but I can't see or catch him. I can only feel him. Only obey him.
I don't like to kill, but Enoch wishes me to. He keeps whispering in my ear. . 'kill' 'kill' 'kill'
How clever he is, and how wicked! He can be so persuasive, so tempting
He has promised me many things in exchange for my murderous acts
And he keeps his promises, too.

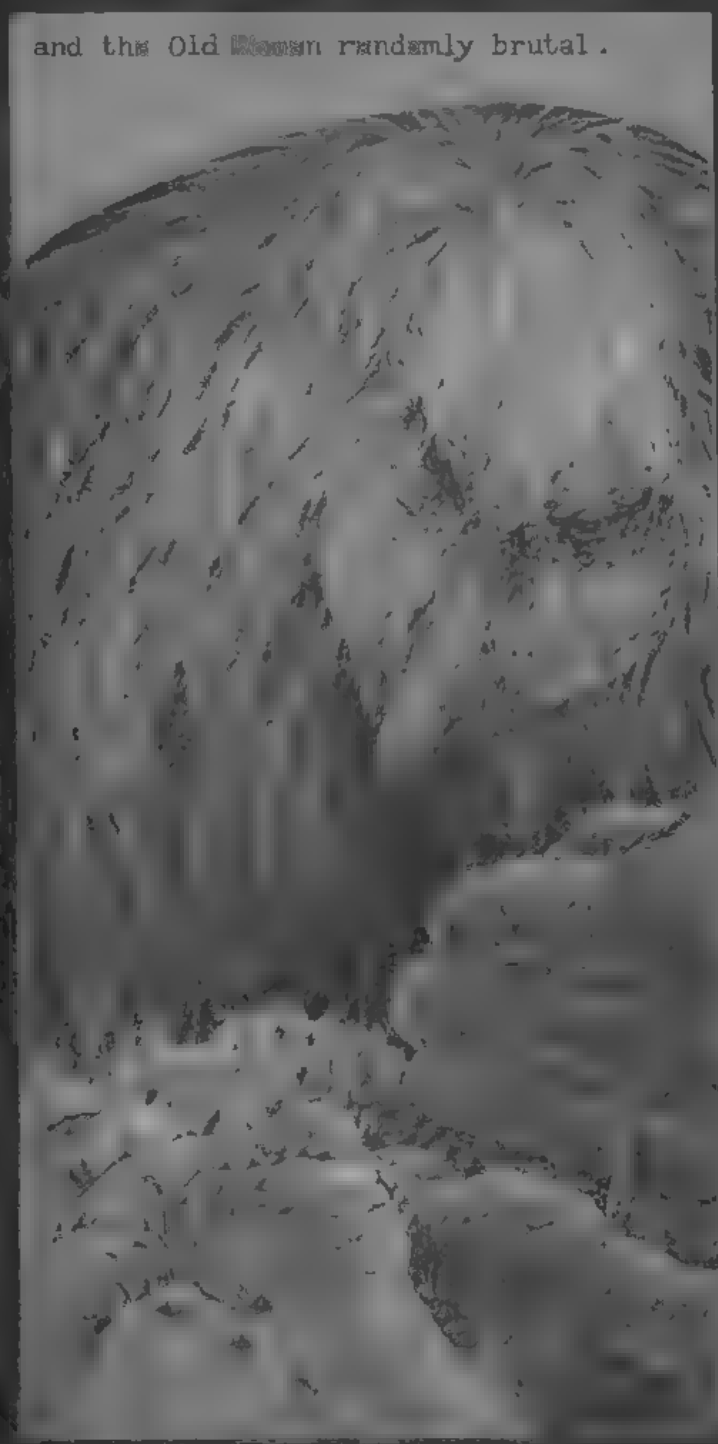

WHEN I DO AS HE ASKS, HE TAKES ME WITH HIM, OUTSIDE OF MYSELF, SOMETIMES FOR DAYS AT A TIME
THERE ARE OTHER PLACES BEYOND THIS WORLD
SOMETIMES HE TALKS ABOUT THE BLACK PLANETS, BUT WHEN HE DOES, IT'S ALWAYS IN A LOW, YET MELLIFLUOUS VOICE. FOR INSTANCE, THE PEOPLE OF THE DEEP LIVE HERE IN URTHONA
AND THEY ARE VERY MISCHIEVOUS, YOU KNOW
THEY HAVE MANY GREAT POWERS THAT I HAVE YET TO UNDERSTAND
BUT I WON'T SAY ANYMORE. LET'S WAIT ENOCH WANTS TO TELL YOU ABOUT THEM IN HIS OWN WAY.
DO YOU HEAR A KIND OF SPINNING?
SPINNING 'ROUND AND 'ROUND?
THAT'S ENOCH
HE ALWAYS SPINS AFTER FEEDING TIME!

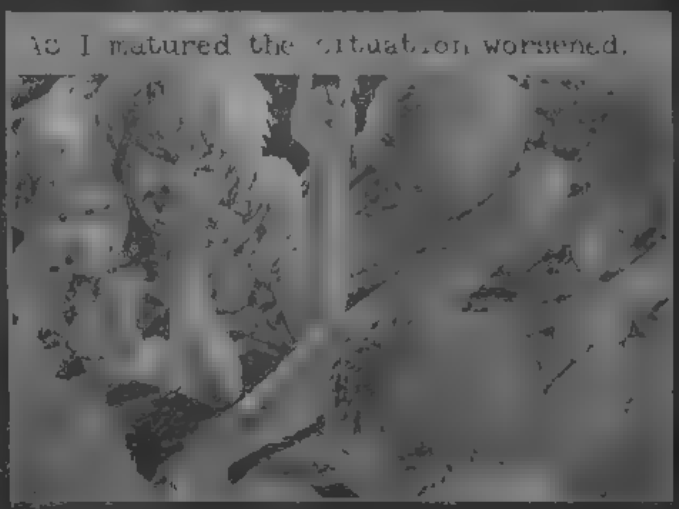
Yes, I was raised in a shoe.

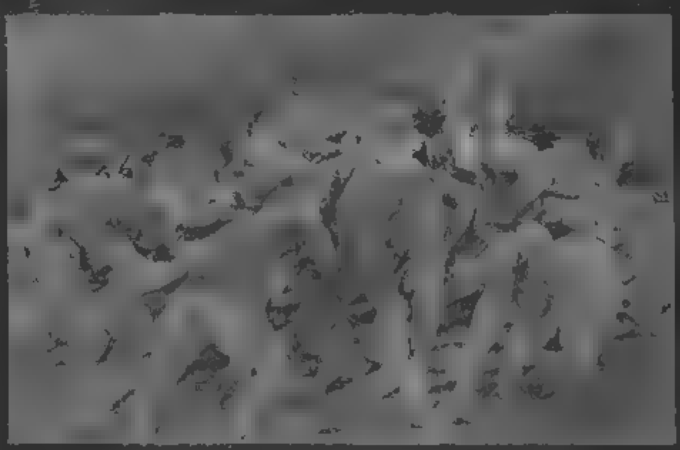


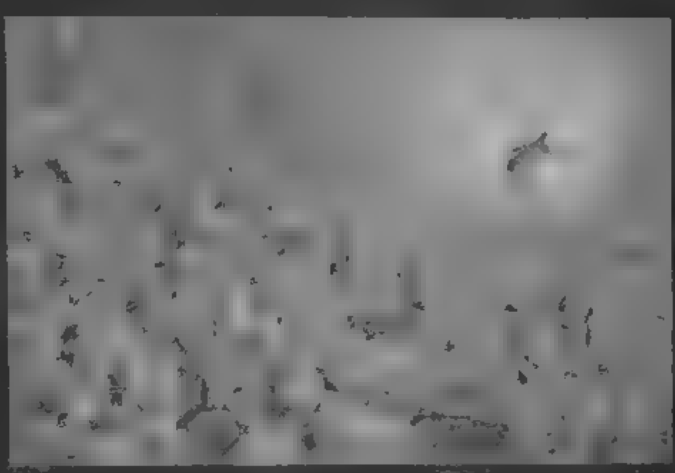
And yes, there was an Old Woman,

It was crowded,

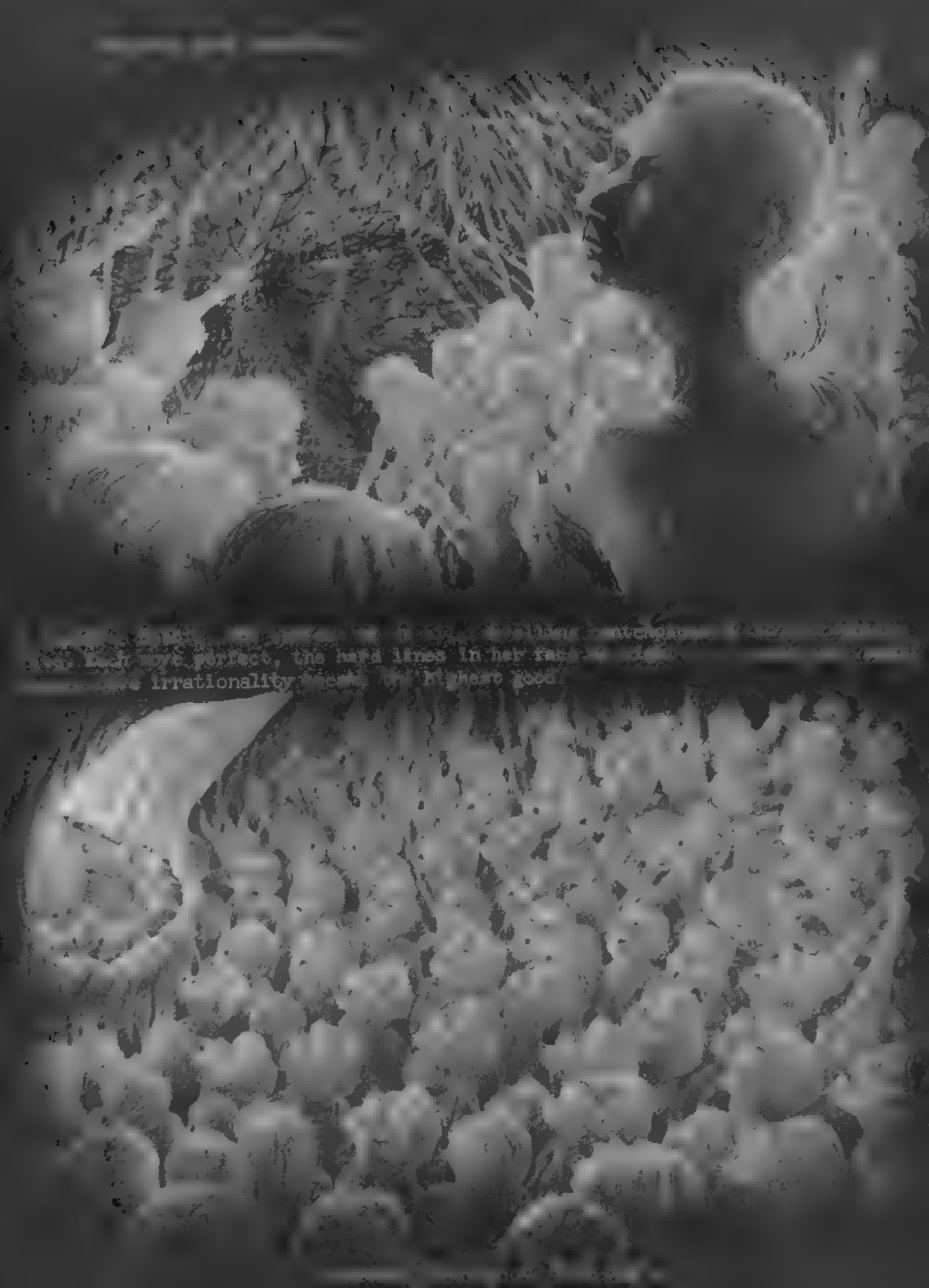

and the Old Woman randomly brutal.

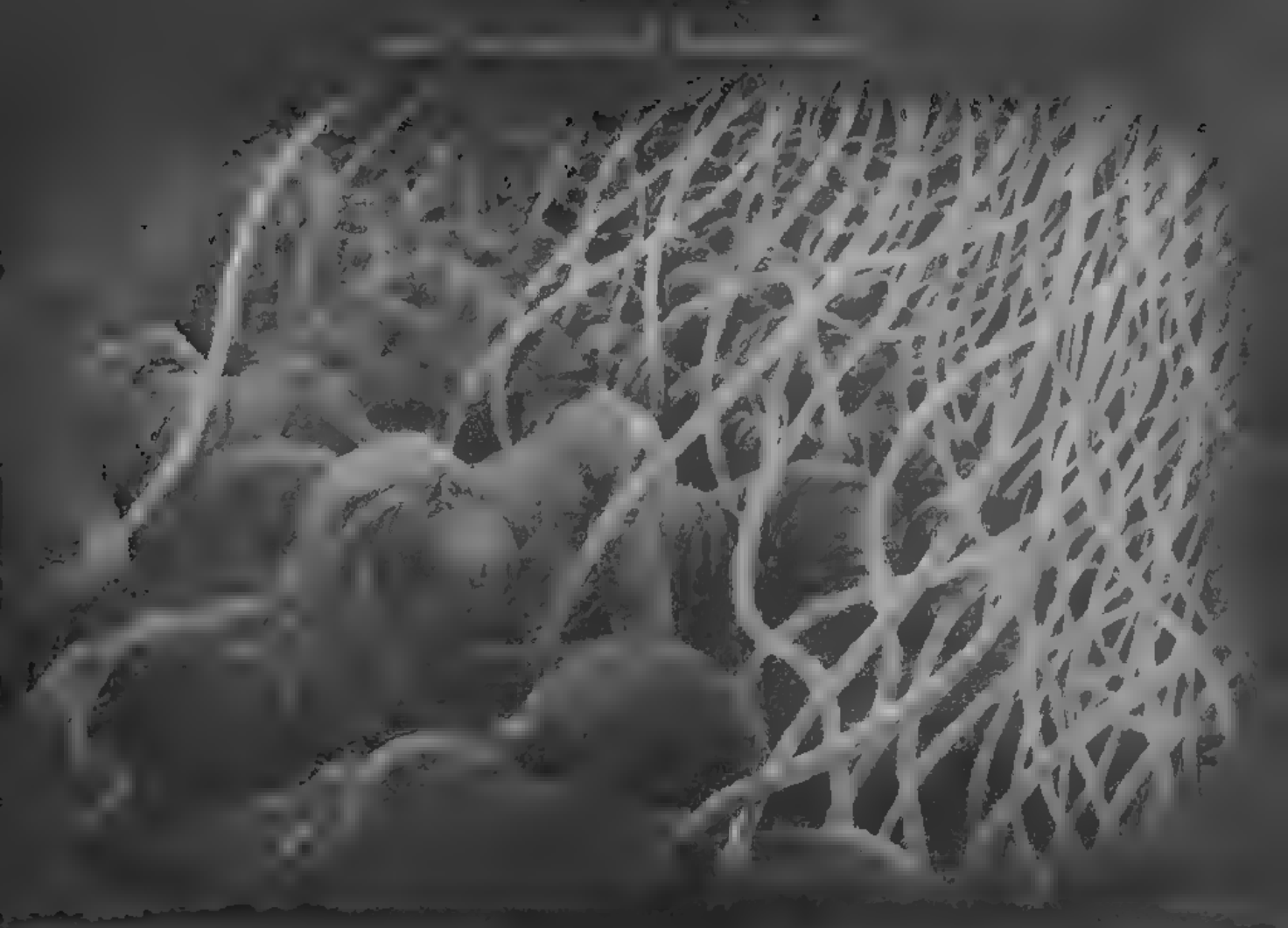

As I matured the situation worsened.

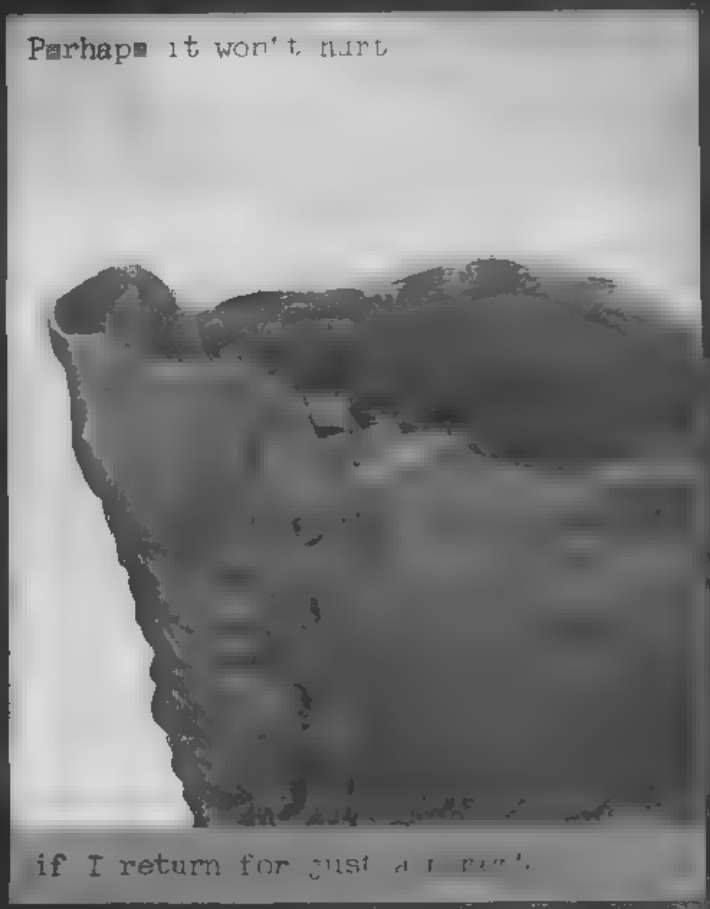




but escape was easy.
the blue light
I ran through the rich fields, met my love and followed the Rules of Rapture.
But to my dismay
I often return to the shoe,






Perhaps it won't hurt
if I return for just a

ROCK OPERA

A LONG TIME AGO, IN A GALAXY FAR AWAY:
A SCI-FI EPIC WENT ON AND ON FOREVER...
NO, IT'S NOT ROCK OPERA-IT'S THE

REVENGE OF THE NEHI

It began innocently enough... with the tiny green pustules covering the genital area;then the pink welts and the onset of a severe psychosis in which the victim imagined he was Robin Williams.

It was a disease for which Imperial medicine had no name--and no cure,we star troopers referred to it as "Nehi's Revenge," and our visits to the local brothels ceased as the epidemic raced through our ranks.

Even those seemingly unaffected--like my friend Marty--became demoralized.
Come on,Marty--you can't spend the rest of your life in the can!
Go away!You're probably infectious!
Jesus Christ,Marty--use your brains;it's a venereal disease,remember?
So? For all I know,you've suddenly gone gay!
It was useless to explain that I was immune from the disease because of an embarrassing bout of impotence...
All around, I could see the break down of our invasion-- our patrols decimated, our posts deserted.
Each morning, a few bloated stragglers would emerge for reveille--
--only to blow apart in the sunlight.

Eventually,Marty and I were the only ones left alive.
Erg...I can't move.
Hurry up--we're getting evacuated!
We're due at the spaceport in an hour.
A week before,half the males on the planet had been driving taxis;now there was only one,piloted by a decrepit old geezer.As we climbed aboard,we heard the angry buzz of a huge crowd approaching us.
Oh shit!It's a lynch-mob--we're gonna die!
Don't be afraid,soldier boy.They beg you to stay.

To stay? But you Nehis should hate us--we bombed your planet and...and screwed all your women!
Maybe so,but you also bring us cable TV and microwave ovens!
And as the fly-car parted the crowd,we could see that they were carrying huge floats depicting TV sets and spaceships,like some cargo-cult.
There's just one thing, Marty-- why didn't you catch the disease? I thought you said you scored.
Hey,like a stallion-- like a French bread!
Why,my little green momma kept screaming out,"Hung long! Hung long!" in ecstasy.
Ha ha,soldier-boy!That mean,"Wrong hole!Wrong hole!"

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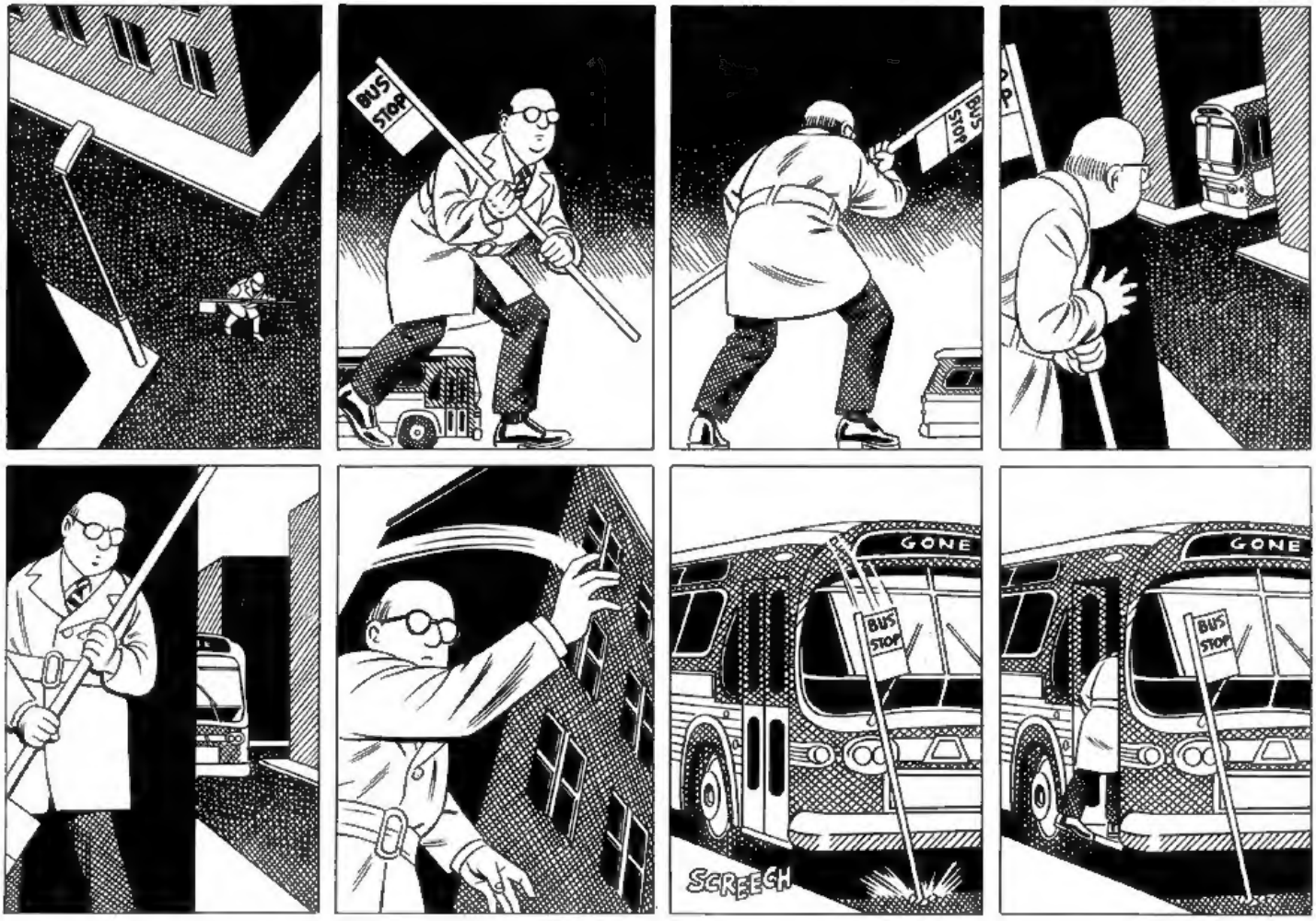
To be continued...

the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER ©



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